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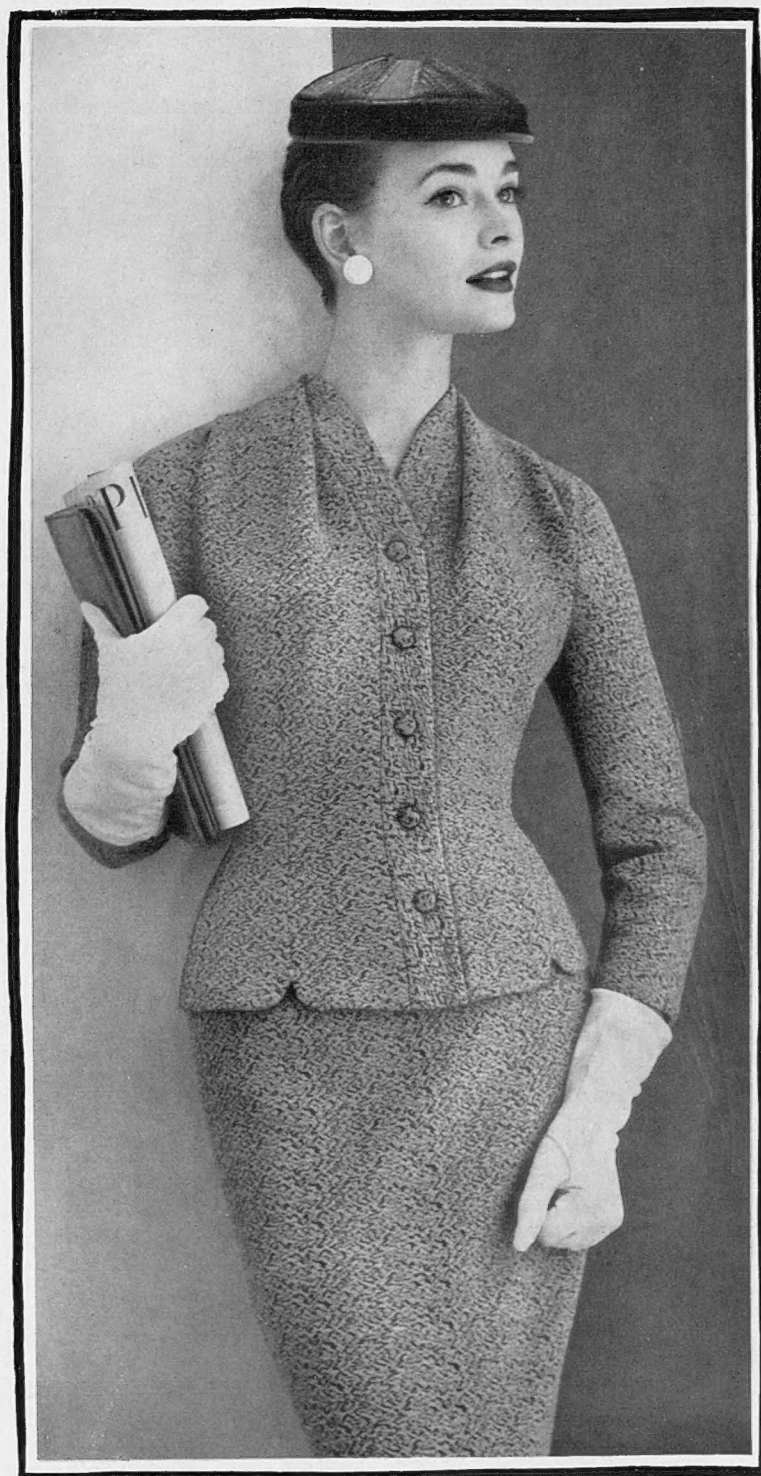
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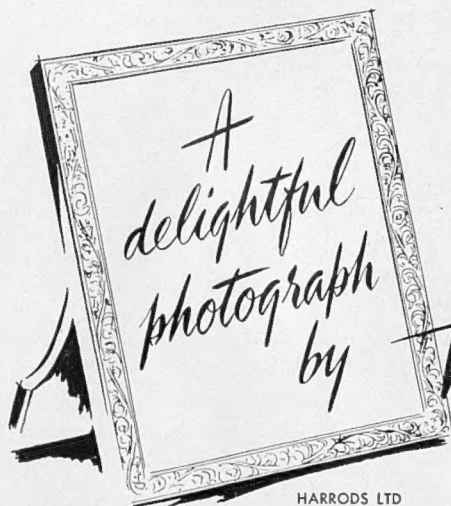
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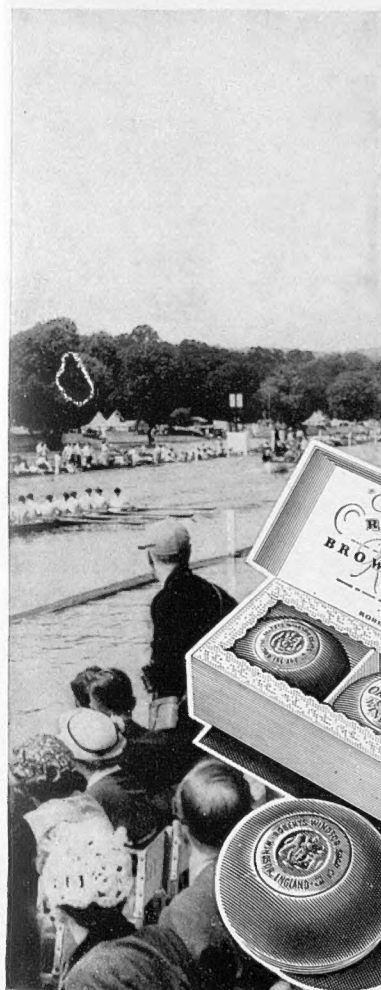


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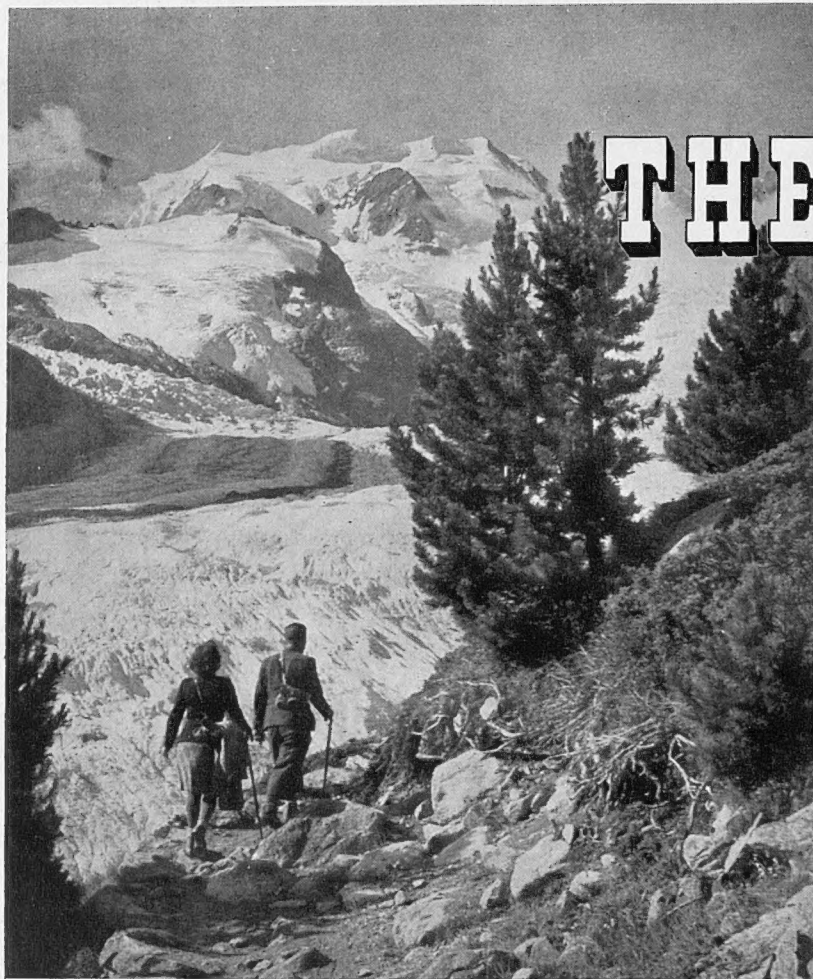
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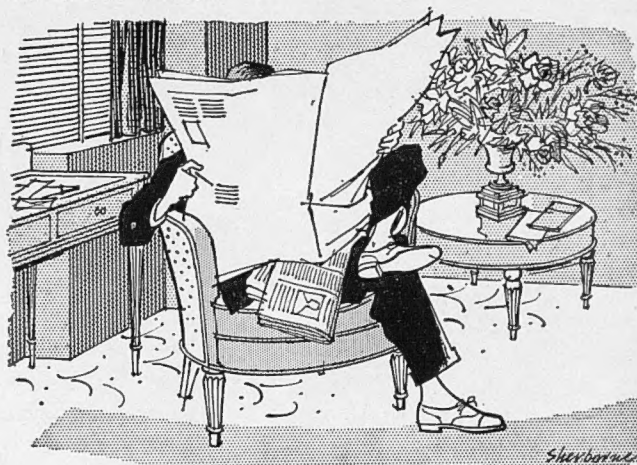
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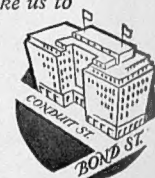
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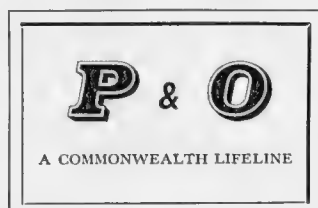


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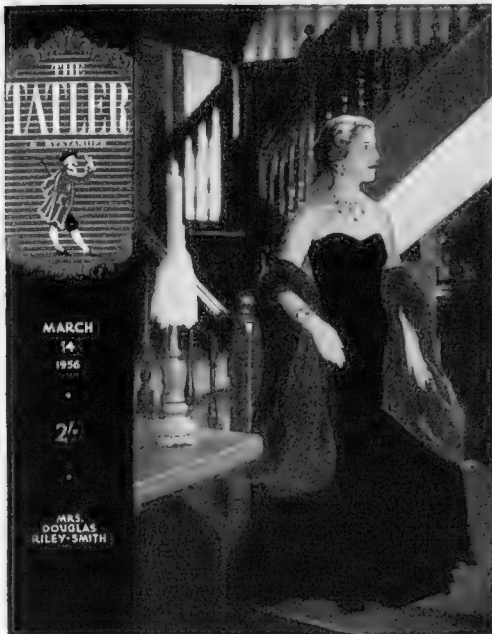
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From March 14 to March 21



Eric Coop

MRS. DOUGLAS RILEY-SMITH, who appears on The TATLER cover this week, is the daughter of Sir John and Lady Craik Henderson. She is seen in the hall of her home, Brewhurst, a five hundred year old farmhouse, at Loxwood in Sussex. Her husband, Mr. W. H. D. Riley-Smith, chairman of a brewing firm, plays polo regularly for Cowdray Park, and was in the team which won the County Polo Cup last year. Mr. and Mrs. Riley-Smith have five children, Jonathan and Hamish, who are at Eton, their sixteen-year-old daughter Dominie, seven-year-old Prosper, and Tristram, who is eighteen months

Mar. 14 (Wed.) The Duchess of Kent attends the première of the film *The Man Who Never Was* at the Carlton, Haymarket, in aid of the Navy League Sea Cadet Corps Appeal. Point-to-Point: Buccleuch and Jed Forest, at Friar's Haugh.

Badminton: All-England Championships start in London.

Racing: Worcester, Lingfield (two days).

Mar. 15 (Thurs.) Joint cocktail party given at her home by Baroness Ravensdale, for her goddaughter Miss Jessica Harris, and Mrs. Derek Schreiber for her daughter, Baroness Darcy de Knayth.

Racing: Wincanton, Woore, Nottingham.

Mar. 16 (Fri.) Princess Margaret attends the Middlesex County Ball at Wembley Town Hall, in aid of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship.

Cambridge come down.

Racing: Sandown Park (Grand Military Meeting, two days).

Mar. 17 (Sat.) St. Patrick's Day.

Point-to-Points: Pegasus Club (Bar) at Kimble.

York and Ainsty (North and South) at Acomb.

Racing: Hereford, Uttoxeter, Ayr (two days).

Rugby football: Scotland v. England (Calcutta Cup) at Murrayfield, Edinburgh.

Mar. 19 (Mon.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will attend the annual meeting of Queen Mary's London Needlework Guild, at St. James's Palace.

Committee meeting at the Berkeley Hotel for the Débutante Dress Show.

Cocktail parties: Lady Bocket's for her daughter, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, at the House of Lords. Lady Elizabeth Oldfield's for her daughter Sarah, at Berkeley Mews, W.1.

The flat racing season opens at Lincoln (three days).

Steeplechasing at Ayr, Worcester, Wye.

Mar. 20 (Tues.) Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, R.I. Galleries, Piccadilly (to April 29th)

Fork luncheon: the Hon. Lady Lowson for her daughter, Miss Gay Lowson. Cocktail parties: Lady Francis Hill and her son, Mr. Robin Hill, for Miss Caroline Hill, at the Hyde Park Hotel. Mrs. John Pascoe for her daughter, Belinda, at Claridge's.

Mar. 21 (Wed.) Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace.

Cocktail party: Mr. Ralph Cobbold and Mrs. Jo Vandeleur for Miss Anne and Miss Clare Cobbold, at Hungerford Lane, Villiers Street.

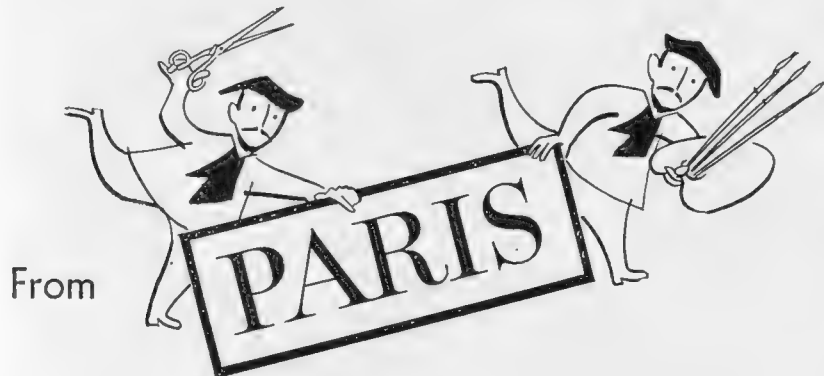
Racing: The Lincolnshire Handicap. Steeplechasing, Fontwell Park (two days).

Squash: Open Championship of the British Isles starts at the Lansdowne Club.

Badminton: World Invitation Tournament, Glasgow (to 24th).

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Desmond O'Neill

Prince Rainier's sister and her children

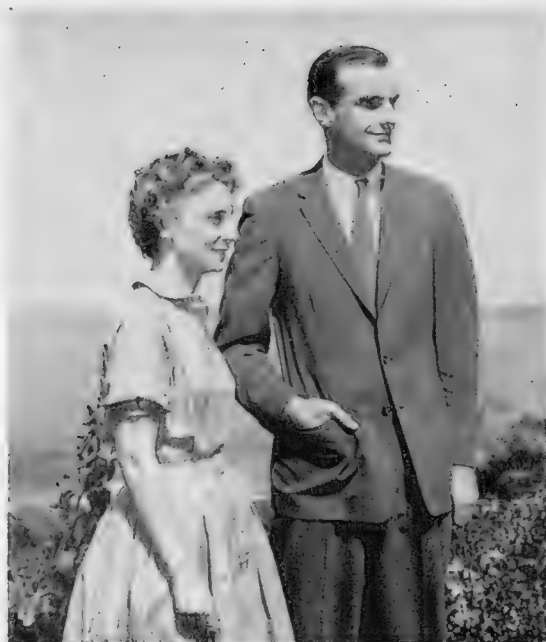
S.A.S. Princess Antoinette of Monaco, only sister of Prince Rainier, is here seen in the Palace grounds while on a visit to Monte Carlo with her three children, Elizabeth Ann, Christian and Christine Alexa. The young people are nick-

named Bitzi, Buddy and Baby respectively and will be bridesmaids and page to Miss Grace Kelly when she marries their uncle in April, a prospect which fills them with excitement. The Princess lives at Eze sur Mer, a medieval town on the coast west of Monaco

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE SEASON IN NASSAU



Terence Malone
SIR JOHN AND LADY CARDEN in the garden of their Nassau home overlooking the sea. Lady Carden is a daughter of the late Mr. Robert de Hart and Mrs. de Hart. Sir John is the seventh baronet



SIR VINCENT AND LADY DE FERRANTI (above), of Alderley Edge, Cheshire, who are regular winter visitors. Below: Sir Miles Thomas, who was on a business trip, deals with correspondence in the grounds of the British Colonial Hotel



Jules Blouin

FROM Jamaica, where I had spent a week, I flew over for a week in the Bahamas, landing at Nassau on New Providence: a short, easy flight of less than two hours in one of B.O.A.C.'s Stratocruisers. The Bahamas, like Jamaica, have been having a wonderful season with a great number of visitors. Many of these come from the U.S. Florida being only one hour away by air, the Bahamas are the nearest point of the British Commonwealth to America.

The Governor, the Earl of Ranfurly, and the Countess of Ranfurly have become much beloved in the islands, which cover approximately 4,403 square miles, since he took up office at the end of 1953. Lord Ranfurly has already visited more of these islands and settlements than any previous Governor, and has carefully studied the conditions and the welfare of the Bahamians who, whether white or coloured, are gracious mannered, enlightened and some of the most delightful people to be found anywhere. Their loyalty to the Queen and Empire is deeply moving. The men are among the most intrepid seamen in the world, navigating their craft surely, whether under sail or engine, through the beautiful, blue, but reefy waters.

LADY RANFURLY also has worked untiringly during the past two years. Perhaps two of her greatest achievements are the Out Island Library which she runs so efficiently from Government House, and the Ranfurly Home for Children. For the Library she has collected 16,500 books both for adults and children, and is still gratefully receiving gifts of books from kind friends in New Providence, England, Canada and America. In Nassau, capital of the Bahamas, there is a public library and many other modern necessities which help to give pleasure and education to people, but in the more remote islands there are no such facilities. Their dwellers are mostly very poor, living as they do in two hundred settlements, often miles apart and isolated from communication. In some ninety-four of these there are schools, but there is little to amuse children when their school hours are over, and one of the things they need badly is books. For the adults, too, it was sad to realize that although some of them had been taught reading they had no books. The volumes from Lady Ranfurly's Out Island Library are sent out in wooden grocery boxes with a selection personally chosen each time by Lady Ranfurly. Two-thirds are for the children—annuals, toddlers' picture books, fairy stories and teenage boys' and girls' stories. The remainder is an assortment for grown-ups including history, world classics, novels, Westerns and thrillers. These are changed every two months.

WHILE I was in Nassau, Lady Caroline Knox, the Ranfurly's seven-year-old daughter, with great dignity laid the corner-stone of the Ranfurly Home for Children, a building in Nassau which is to serve as a refuge for orphaned Bahamian children. After laying the stone Lady Caroline, wearing a white organdie dress with rosebud sprigs, walked to the microphone and in a clear, childish voice said, "I declare that this

stone has been well and truly laid"—words which were radioed to all the Bahamas.

This was a very touching ceremony, attended not only by the Governor and the Countess of Ranfurly and their little daughter, but also by many of the richest and poorest in the islands. The Bahamas Branch of Queen Mary's London Needlework Guild of which Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is president, has undertaken to make this home in Nassau part of its work for the poor and needy in the Bahamas.

The Ranfurly Home for Children which, it is hoped, will be completed in April this year, with modern equipment, will provide accommodation for forty children. In her speech at the opening, Lady Ranfurly said that the response to her appeal fifteen months ago had been inspiring. In the first year she had been given or promised £25,000, but she had not yet closed the appeal and they still needed at least £10,000 more to complete and launch this Home. She went on to say that after the Governor and she had gone away—in person but never in spirit—her great team, the Ladies of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, who have worked so staunchly and faithfully, will still have to collect each year money to keep this a Home they could all be proud of.

The first child to show her gratitude was little Rose Clark, a six-year-old ward of the Child Protection Society in Nassau, who presented Lady Caroline Knox with a small bouquet.

THE Rt. Rev. Spence Burton, Bishop of Nassau, opened the ceremony with prayers and among those present were Mr. Arthur Vernay, who has organized the Flamingo Society "to protect birds all over the islands," Sir Victor Sassoon, one of the most generous supporters of Bahamian charities, and Mrs. Valentine Fleming, who beside a donation had given a tiny statue of a weeping child being comforted by another child. This had been placed on a pedestal with a collection box beside the foundations of the Home and in less than an hour at the ceremony £108 5s. had been collected in pennies and pounds, from the poorest to the richest present.

The Earl and Countess of Ranfurly had lent the gardens of Government House for the annual fête in aid of the British Red Cross the day after I left, and everyone, whether resident or visitor, was busy preparing for it. Last year, when it was also held at Government House, it raised the magnificent sum of over £7,000 in the afternoon, and the previous year £9,000, but this record was perhaps because it had not been held for the two previous years.

The Countess of Ranfurly's charming mother Mrs. Llewellyn, Lord Lovat, Lord Astor, Mrs. Audrey Pleydell-Bouverie, who has a house on Hog Island, Mr. and Mrs. Sandy Scratchley and Sir Charles and Lady Ponsonby, who came on for a few days from Jamaica, were staying at Government House.

OTHER guests this winter have included Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, who came on from Jamaica where they went at the invitation of the Jamaican racing authorities, Doreen Lady Brabourne, and Lady Constance Milnes Gaskell, who was one of the late Queen Mary's ladies-in-waiting and is a member of Queen Mary's London Needlework Guild. I stayed out at Lyford

Cay, which at present is one of the most delightful parts of the island. The loveliest home here is perhaps Mrs. Robert Holt's Bali-H'ai, to which she has recently added most cleverly, and decorated with impeccable taste. A feature here is the bathing and she has made a second beach and landing stage so that there is now one on each side of the house facing north and south, making it possible to bathe whatever the wind.

Mrs. Holt, who is a Canadian, is one of the most hospitable and delightful hostesses in the Bahamas and gives the most wonderful Sunday luncheon parties, to which invitations are eagerly sought. Guests usually bathe before luncheon, which is a hot buffet affair served either at her beach house by the water's edge or on the terrace and spacious dining-room of Bali-H'ai. On a recent Sunday her kind-heartedness and hospitality had reached such a height that she had between 130 and 140 guests to lunch! In spite of the number her invaluable and indefatigable Bahamian cook produced all the food with the exception of the bread and biscuits, and from friends who were there I heard it was delicious and beautifully arranged.

I WENT to a very gay and amusing small dance given by Mr. and Mrs. John Bryce at their fabulous new beach house Xanadu. Mrs. Bryce, who is an American, has two other houses in Nassau and has had a succession of friends staying during the season. On the night of the party there was a full moon and guests danced on the veranda overlooking the sea, with the palm trees waving in the cool breeze, a very romantic setting. There was an excellent small band and a wonderful pianist who had been flown over from Florida.

The hostess was in white chiffon and among her guests were Viscount and Viscountess Hardinge who have sold their home in Kent and are now living in Montreal, which they are both enjoying. They were staying in Nassau with Mr. E. P. Taylor of Toronto, one of the greatest businessmen in Canada today, and his very charming wife who have recently bought Sir Francis and Lady Peek's delightful house Tamarind in the heart of Nassau, as well as a large amount of land to develop in the Lyford Cay district.

The Hon. Lady Baillie brought her house party over from her home on Hog Island; these included her son-in-law and daughter, the Hon. Geoffrey and Mrs. Russell, Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd and Viscount Margesson, whose son and heir the Hon. Frank Margesson, who had just taken up his duties as A.D.C. to the Governor, was also at the dance. Outstandingly the most beautiful guest there was Lady Manton who, very bronzed from the glorious sunshine, was in white; she and her husband were staying with the Bryces.

I MET Lord Astor who was going up to New York when he left Nassau, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sigrist and their house guests, Mr. Carmen Messmore, a partner in Knoedlers in New York, and his very attractive and amusing English-born wife. Also the Baroness Lyssardt von Hoyningen-Huene, whose father, the late Sir Harry Oakes did so much to develop Nassau, Loelia Duchess of Westminster, and her hostess during her stay, Princess Radziwill, who has just sold her house in Nassau, and Mr. Harold Christie and Mr. Allan Miller who came alone as his wife was in Paris with their young daughter where he was joining them this month. They have a charming house at Lyford Cay.

Vera Lady Broughton was there, also Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Holt, who brought Mr. and Mrs. Everard Gates who were staying with them, Lord and Lady Ennisdale, Mrs. Robert Holt, Count Ilia Tolstoy, Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, Mrs. Carl Holmes, who has a



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY (above) holidaying in Nassau with their children, Lady Lepel Phipps and the Earl of Mulgrave who is two. Below: Lady Huggins, wife of the former Governor of Jamaica, who was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Donald McKinney. With them are her grandchildren, Gay, Doon and Jane McKinney



Jarvis Davieile



YACHTSMEN ASHORE

THE Royal Ocean Racing Club gave its annual ball at the Hyde Park Hotel, attended by many well-known personalities of the yachting world. Above: Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Gillham, who are the owners of an ocean racer

Continuing Social Journal

FAREWELL PARTY TO A CONSUL

fine home in Nassau, Mrs. Jean Belleville and Mrs. Jean Garland, who had come over from Andros where Mrs. Garland has a nice house, Mr. Michael Renshaw, Mr. Nigel Strutt, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Williams, who had been staying with Mrs. Garland, and Brig. and Mrs. Tom McCarthy, who have taken the Hon. Mrs. Lawrence's house at Lyford Cay for six months, and are contemplating making their home in the Bahamas.

A DELIGHTFUL cocktail party was given that week by Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Higgs in their fine house up the east side of Nassau. This was a farewell party in honour of the Hon. Hartwell Johnson who has been American Consul in the Bahamas for some years and has recently been posted to Bordeaux—returning to France will be no new experience for Mr. Johnson as before he came to the Bahamas he was U.S. Consul in Nice and has many friends in France. Here I met the Rt. Rev. Spence Burton, Bishop of Nassau, who was in great form. Also that gay and delightful personality Sir Malcolm McAlpine, looking very bronzed and fit, with his kind and charming wife; they had their sons and daughter-in-law, Mr. Robin McAlpine and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McAlpine, staying with them in their home this end of Nassau.

Lady Huggins came with her pretty eldest daughter, Mrs. Donald McKinney, whose husband had flown over to Bermuda on a business trip that day. I talked to the Chief Justice of Nassau, Mr. Guy Henderson, Mrs.

Colquhoun, who told me she and her husband have just bought a second house here, Mrs. Erikson and Eunice Lady Oakes, who like many of the other guests were admiring their host's beautiful orchids, flowering in profusion in pots in the house.

DURING my stay I had tea with Sir Francis and Lady Peek, who had temporarily moved into a cottage at Lyford Cay. Having sold their lovely town house Tamarind they are now busy with plans for building a new home right on the sea between Nassau and Lyford Cay, which should be beautiful when it is finished. The Peeks are expecting their first baby in May, which, of course, is a very happy thought. Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Holt have two cottages converted into a charming home near here, as have Mr. and Mrs. Robert Johnson of Montreal.

Many visitors have been staying at the very comfortable British Colonial Hotel right on the sea, with its own beach and private swimming pool. This year I heard they are closing the hotel in April for a few months to bring it absolutely up to date with all the most modern improvements. Among the guests at the "B.C." were Sir Gordon and Lady Vereker, who I heard were very worried by the possible damage that was being done by frost and snow to the garden of their lovely home in the South of France, also Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson, Sir Alfred Butt, Sir Vincent and Lady de Ferranti, and Sir Miles Thomas, who spent two nights here on one of his fast moving business trips,

Mr. D. A. Merritt, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Robb and Mr. Arthur C. Robb, the noted yacht architect, who were exchanging news

Mr. Roger Pemberton, Mrs. Gerard Holdsworth and Mr. and Mrs. David Curling were talking over plans for next season



Mr. Ralph Hammond (Hammond Innes the writer), Mr. Uffa Fox, R.D.I., Mrs. Ralph Hammond and Mr. Francis Chichester

Mr. Michael Dick, Miss Vivian Baker, Miss Sheila Tucker and Mr. John Matthews-Lane were among the many guests

Gabor Denes

this time in connection with putting more Viscounts into service in the B.W.I. He was joined by Lady Thomas, who had been with friends in Puerto Rico.

I met them dining with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sigrist, who have a wonderful home overlooking the golf course in Nassau, where they have had a succession of guests including Lord and Lady Ennisdale and Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, who arrived on the B.O.A.C. Stratocruiser I left on. Fellow passengers aboard this aeroplane on the direct flight to England included Mr. Harold Abrahams, the great Olympic runner of the twenties, and Mrs. Abrahams, and Mr. Crump and five members of the British athletic team who were returning from their successful ten-day visit to Trinidad. More about social life and the important development and constructions in the Bahamas next week.

★ ★ ★

I WENT down to Cheltenham for the opening of the National Hunt Festival. The Queen and the Queen Mother were present on the second day to see the Queen Mother's horse Devon Loch run in the National Hunt Handicap Chase, which brought a very big attendance to the meeting. The Queen Mother was present again on the final day to see the race for the Gold Cup. The Royal party used the new Royal box and luncheon room which has been built in the new wing of the west stand, where about a dozen other private boxes are now situated.

The opening race, the Broadway Novices steeplechase, was won by Polar Flight owned by the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie, a good judge of a horse and herself a fine rider across country. It was quite unusual on the opening day of this great National Hunt meeting not to have one winner from Ireland, in spite of many runners. The big event of the afternoon, the Champion Hurdle, was won by Mr. Clifford Nicholson's Doorknocker, a novice who is trained by W. Hall at Tadcaster.

THE Stewards of the meeting this year were Major Ian Straker, Lord Willoughby de Broke, the Marquess of Abergavenny and Lord Grimthorpe, whom I met with Lady Grimthorpe. Lord Grimthorpe's son and heir Lt.-Col. the Hon. Christopher Beckett and his very charming wife Lady Elizabeth Beckett were also racing; they had come over for three days from Germany where Lt.-Col. Beckett commands the 9th Lancers. The Countess of Derby, in a little green cap and camel hair coat, was talking to Lady Petre in front of the members stand, where I also saw Lady Lettice Cotterell in brilliant emerald green coat and hat, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Grosvenor talking to Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. James Hanbury over from Leicestershire, Major Teddy Brook down from Scotland, Lady Williams Wynn. Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, who was staying with Mrs. Stuart Don in the Heythrop country, and Mrs. James Dance and Mrs. Scott-Miller, both alone as their M.P. husbands were busy in the House of Commons. I shall be writing more about the Gold Cup and other people racing next week.

THE EDITOR REGRETS that owing to printing difficulties over which he has no control, in this issue of The TATLER certain regular features have had to be omitted.

He asks respectfully for the tolerance of his readers and begs to assure them that it is hoped to resume normal publication as soon as possible, when the well-known contributors now absent will be restored.



Anne Bolt



Hap

THE FIRST LADY OF THE BAHAMAS

THE COUNTESS OF RANFURLY, wife of the Governor of the Bahamas, is the daughter of Mr. G. R. P. Llewellyn, of Llanvapeley Court, in Monmouthshire. Lord Ranfurly has been Governor of the Bahamas for nearly three years and both he and Lady Ranfurly have made major contributions to the islands' welfare. For recreation they both enjoy big-game fishing, and during a recent tournament Lady Ranfurly landed a 338-lb. tuna. Above: Lady Ranfurly in the grounds of Government House, Nassau. Left: Lady Caroline Knox, only child of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly, laying the corner stone of the Ranfurly Home for Children in Nassau



POINT-TO-POINT SEASON OPENS AT WHISSENDINE

AFTER the cancellation of several meetings, the Leicestershire Yeomanry and Household Brigade Saddle Club held their steeplechases at Whissendine, near Melton Mowbray. There were some close finishes. Above: Mr. N. Swinnerton on Frutalice, Dr. G. H. P. John on Gallant Glen and Mr. R. Abel-Smith on Hunter's Pride take the first fence in the Adjacent Hunts' Race



Miss Maureen Stevenson, Miss Valerie Waltes and Miss Sheila Stevenson had a good viewpoint sitting upon a farm wagon near the finishing post



Major G. A. Murray Smith, Master of the Quorn, won the Leicestershire Yeomanry Heavyweight Race on After Dark



Mr. N. J. S. Wyatt, who won the Household Brigade Saddle Club race on his Mirabeau III, leaves the enclosure



Mr. Richard Picton-Warlow and Miss Jane Bevan were watching the finish of the Household Brigade race from the tail of a Land-Rover



Mr. Michael Seely and Miss Ancilla Comins were among the many spectators at this first point-to-point of the season, held in bitter weather



Mr. D. J. Wyatt and Mrs. C. Heber Percy, wife of the joint-Master of the Cottesmore, whose horse came third in the Adjacent Hunts' Maiden race



R. Tilney, a steward of the meeting, was looking his card with Sir Henry Tate, Bt.



Lord Edward Fitzroy with Col. A. C. Robin before the Household Brigade Saddle Club Maiden race in which Lord Edward came second



Mrs. D. Auchterlanie, Mrs. David Dobson, Captain H. MacDermot, who was riding in the Household Brigade Saddle Club race, and Miss D. Dobson in the paddock

Desmond O'Neill

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY is a ballet whose dreamlike fantasy and magnificent settings exert a never-diminishing appeal. This picture shows the prologue on the great stage of the Royal Opera House

MARGOT FONTEYN and Michael Somes (below) in *La Peri*, an attempt at the utmost balletic economy which is discussed here. Despite some unsatisfactory features, the first night audience received it with great enthusiasm



Edward Mandinian



Houston Rogers

"LA PERI" DISAPPOINTS

FREDERICK ASHTON's new ballet, *La Peri*, presented this season at the Royal Opera House by the Sadler's Wells Ballet, is a disappointing work. This extended *pas de deux*, based on a Persian poem and mounted on a score by Paul Dukas—with a setting by Ivon Hitchens and costumes by André Levasseur—shows the hero, Iskender, seeking the Flower of Immortality; discovering it in the hands of a sleeping peri; and then being torn between love for her and a desire for immortality.

The choreography only occasionally seems at one with the music; the setting is barren and surrealist, giving no hint of the East; and the costumes, though chic in a revue fashion, are unsuitable.

Despite the artistry of Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes, the characters never come to life or engage our emotions.

Yet the reception accorded the first performance was astounding; wild applause and a dozen curtain calls greeted this feeble work . . . a superb performance of *Job* or *Symphonic Variations* could hardly have extracted more enthusiasm from the packed house!

SUCH hysteria is regrettable since it is important to the company's well-being that audiences should soon develop a more critical approach to its presentations—even those designed to exploit its most famous personality. For a complete lack of discrimination on one side of the footlights may eventually produce complacency on the other. And complacency must be kept at bay if the "Wells" is to retain its position as a vital artistic force in the country; in fact, a far more ruthless system of weeding out indifferent ballets is needed.

It is wrong, for instance, that works as unsatisfactory as *Tiresias* and *Homage To The Queen* should be consistently given whereas major achievements such as *Job*, *The Rake's Progress* and others are seldom produced.

One sees the director's difficulty: Fonteyn appears in the first three and the public will flock to see her, regardless of the merit of the works themselves; and since ballet is expensive to stage, the box office is a powerful factor. The answer can only be found in the creation of new, exciting works to replace those in which the prima ballerina at present appears.

It should be clear by now, however, that Fonteyn is not only in need of new ballets but of someone new to devise them for her. For three-quarters of her long and successful career, Fonteyn has been wonderfully served by Ashton. But *La Peri* clearly indicates that the time has come for these two brilliant artists to seek—for a time at any rate—inspiration elsewhere.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY," most successful all-round production in the company's classical repertoire, has been revived and Margot Fonteyn has been seen dancing Aurora superbly. Two nights later Beryl Grey took over the Beauty. Her technique is excellent; her acting improved; and in Act II she succeeded for the first time in projecting the mysterious allure necessary.

Though Svetlana Beriosova has not yet got Fonteyn's superb technique, her performance in this ballet is only a little less exciting than the great ballerina's; for physically she is ideally suited to Aurora, and has not only authority but an extraordinary power to stir the emotions.

It is a pity that the orchestra at Covent Garden is never more than competent—and, more often than not, simply inadequate.

—Kieran Tunney



HYPNOSIS AS BALLET THEME

IN *Noctambules*, Sadler's Wells newest work, by Kenneth McMillan, the story centres round the activities of a mad hypnotist. Here Anya Linden, as the Poor Girl, dances with the Rich Boy, who is played by Desmond Doyle



Major Macdonald-Buchanan's good horse Roman Festival, ridden by F. Durr, making a supreme effort in one of his races, a striking picture of all-out effort

HEAVENLY TWINS OF NEWMARKET

● John Rickman ●

THERE is a wonderful old Irishman in racing called "Atty" Persse. He has a merry twinkle in his eye, a love of a good horse and has left more than eighty racing seasons behind him since he came into this world. It was intended that he should enter the whiskey distilling business (the strictly legitimate side of that interesting industry I can assure you!) in Ireland. But the horses captured him.

He won the Conyngham Cup at Punchestown on Sweet Lavender in 1897, and the National Hunt Chase, then run at Warwick (not Cheltenham), on Marpessa in 1902. He made Turf history when the Doncaster auctioneer's hammer cracked The Tetrarch "down" to him for 1,300 guineas one September day in 1912. The grey "spotted wonder" became one of the swiftest horses in the world to put hoof to racecourse grass.

A great admirer of this horse trained by Henry Seymour Persse—to give "Atty" his full name—was a very tall young Irishman called Cecil Boyd-Rochfort who had been with that trainer in the early days of this century (after leaving Eton) as an assistant. What pleases "Atty" is that this "youngster" and another—Major Geoffrey Brooke—whom he taught so much about the game, have made good in a very big way.

CAPT. CECIL BOYD-ROCHFORD and Major Geoffrey Brooke ("Atty's" brother-in-law), who train almost next door to each other at Newmarket, were top and runner-up respectively in the 1955 trainers' championship with £74,424 and £53,307 won in stakes. What intrigues "Professor Atty" Persse is that his two "boys" may be top of the form again in 1956—and that is what concerns us!

As usual these men will be aiming at the high stakes although both

TWO HORSES of whom great expectations are entertained this season. Above is Mr. R. Digby's Edmundo, whose jockey in this instance was A. Breasley, and below, the Dowager Countess of Derby's Acropolis (D. Smith up), a great horse whose failure to win the Derby last year should not be held too strictly against him. He is trained at Newmarket by Mr. George Colling



are not averse to "little fish." It is, nevertheless, quite surprising to find that Capt. Boyd-Rochfort has a horse in the Lincoln Handicap (March 21)—Retrial, Lady Zia Wernher's Cambridgeshire winner. We are not accustomed to associate a Freemason Lodge trained horse with this race, for the captain does not usually attempt to "force" early winners, but it may be that Retrial is a naturally "early one."

Capt. Boyd-Rochfort has never won this race and has had very few runners in it in his thirty-three years as a public trainer. He and his charming wife have only just returned from America, and it may be decided that Retrial will not run, but remember him, for in his trainer's absence he has been kept on the move by assistant Bruce Hobbs and the stable jockey Harry Carr, who was back earlier than most jockeys from his winter holiday.

I have studied Capt. Boyd-Rochfort's methods over the years and have noted that having got a horse like Retrial in his stable he, as a rule, contrives to win two or three useful handicaps with the animal.

MELD has gone to stud and so the Freemason Lodge, trainer must look among his younger stock for big winners. The Queen has three-year-old colts such as Atlas, Medici and High Veldt to do battle in the footsteps of Aureole. Atlas only ran twice in 1955, showing up well as a potential stayer when second in the Dewhurst Stakes at Newmarket last autumn. Medici was not raced. He is by Donatello II (sire of Alycidon and Acropolis and many other winners) out of Hypericum, winner of the One Thousand Guineas for George VI. Hypericum is a daughter of Feola, the mare whose part in the revival of the fortunes of the royal racehorses on the Turf has been considerable and outstanding.

I have good reports from Newmarket about Medici who might be a classic colt. Doubtless we shall see him at Newmarket's Craven meeting in April. It was at this meeting some years ago that the captain introduced another un-raced three-year-old—Royal Minstrel, one of the best horses he has trained. The Queen has some very promising two-year-olds this season. Watch out for them. Among her three-year-old fillies the Queen has Kantara and Teneretta. Give them careful consideration when they run. Also the filly Mamounia, owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Graham ("Elizabeth Arden"), and Woody Cover.

Before we come to Geoffrey Brooke's classic hopes a word or two about one of the most popular horses in training—Major D. McCalmont's eight-year-old Durante. He is still in training with Major Brooke and going strong. He usually requires a race to bring him to his best and then off he goes with a Kempton Park handicap to his credit. The "form" may be the same this year or something like it. If you see this winner of thirteen races look out for his new grey spots. During the winter some little grey flecks began to show themselves in his chestnut coat. Incidentally, Durante is a descendant of The Tetrarch and was trained by "Atty" Persse before he retired.

RUSTAM, a brother of the One Thousand Guineas winner Sir Malcolm McAlpine's Zabara, looks a first class Two Thousand Guineas proposition to me. Douglas Smith, the champion jockey, and Major Brooke won the race last year with Our Babu, and they might be lucky again this year with Rustam, who was one of the best two-year-olds last year. He had "the cough" when he won at Doncaster, but I am assured that he has suffered no ill effects and that he has "done" magnificently. Reports of his stable companion Tidle Rocks are not so enthusiastic and maybe this colt will want time and sunshine before coming to his best.

If Rustam has the same stamina limitations as his sister, then he is unlikely to win the Derby, for Zabara although placed in the Oaks (run over the same course and distance as the Derby) did not stay a mile and a half in really top class company. Roman Conquest and The Tuscan are two other three-year-olds in this stable with classic possibilities. Bayard won over a mile (his only race) at Hurst Park. He may make a good three-year-old. He is in the Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger but, through an oversight, not in the Derby. Nonsuch and Romeo will win for Geoffrey Brooke. Look out for his two-year-olds. Some will win early.

Douglas Smith will partner Acropolis, a very good horse who so narrowly missed the high stakes last year. Like his brother Alycidon this colt has improved immensely in looks since his second season. He is our number one hope for the Ascot Gold Cup.

Acropolis is trained by Mr. George Colling at Newmarket who took this horse with him when he handed over the job of trainer to Lord Derby and his family at the end of 1955.

JACK WATTS, new trainer at Stanley House, has many nice horses, one of the most interesting being Dormello, a handsome three-year-old colt who could, if he shows the form expected of him, be Douglas Smith's Derby mount. This is merely intelligent speculation which, if it does not prove correct, may be written off as guessing. However, I can tell you that the possibility of Dormello being Douglas Smith's Derby ride has not escaped that good rider!

One more for your notes: Mannerheim, a young colt in Norman Bertie's stable, bred by Cotswold farmer-breeder Mr. Fred Honour (his Curry should be even better this year). The French may not challenge early but, if and when she is sent, beware of Apollonia.



THE NEW FOREST BEAGLES held their ball at Avon Tyrell, an event which was attended by two hundred members of the hunt and their guests who danced until 3.30 a.m. at this lovely house in the heart of the forest. Above: Miss Penny Newton, Miss Judy Whybrow and Miss Heather Rogers.

Major and Mrs. Peter Holworthy at the ball, which was held in the former home of Lord Manners, now owned by the nation.

Miss Jennifer Heaton and Mr. Simon Edwards were among the many younger guests.



Victor York

Mr. Eric Raybould, Miss Hilidra Currie, Mr. John Edwards and Mrs. E. Raybould in conversation.



Mr. and Mrs. Ian Reed and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Davies sat out on the stairs.

THE HORSEMEN'S OWN BALL

A hunting horn in Park Lane

HORSEMEN and women from all over the country came to give their support to the Horse and Hound Ball at Grosvenor House, the proceeds of which are being given to the Olympic Games and International Equestrian Fund. They enjoyed a very bright evening—it was quite like a very big hunt ball, as so many of the men present wore their pink coats, and during the proceedings there was a horn blowing competition, which was won by Mr. E. R. Lloyd, of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds. Last year Mr. Lloyd won the novice horn blowing competition and was runner-up in the open. The runner-up in this year's open competition was Mr. Raymond Brooks-Ward who hunts with the Aldershot Beagles. Lord Burghley and Sir Peter Farquhar were the judges for this event and the Duchess of Beaufort, who wore a long-sleeved purple dress, presented the prizes.

The Duke of Beaufort, wearing the dark blue evening coat with buff facings of his famous hunt, and the Duchess of Beaufort, had a big table on the edge of the dance floor. With them were Earl and Countess Fortescue, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Mike Ansell, Capt. Ronnie Wallace, joint-Master of the Heythrop hounds, and Mrs. Wallace, and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, another joint-Master of that pack. Lord and Lady Burghley had a party of eight, and another big one nearby included Major Bob Hoare, Master of the West Norfolk, and Mrs. Hoare, and Mr. and Mrs. David Keith. The Earl and Countess of Rocksavage had a party at another table including Mr. and Mrs. Robin Cayzer, and Lord and Lady Bocket had a number of young friends at their table.

— Jennifer

The Duchess of Beaufort presents the winning cup for the horn blowing competition to Mr. E. R. Lloyd, ex-Hon. Secretary of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds

Major John Bowlby, who hunts with the Bicester, the Hon. Mrs. John Bowlby and Col. A. Gregory Hood of the Warwickshire hunt

Mr. W. Cunningham, Miss Davina Metcalfe and the Hon. Robin Cayzer, the elder son and heir of Lord Rotherwick, at their table



Miss Marie Illingworth, Capt. Martin Whiteley and the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, only daughter of Lord and Lady Bocket

Mr. Robert Hanson, one of the three joint-Masters of the Grove and Rufford, with Mrs. James Harrison and Mr. Robert Dean



*Photographs by
A. V. Swache*



Viscount Knutsford, Lady Lycett Green, wife of Sir Stephen Lycett Green, Bt., and Mr. Robert Hoare, M.C., Master of the West Norfolk

Miss Sara Skinner, Mr. Richard Brew and Mr. and Mrs. John Shand were among the guests who came to support this enjoyable event in aid of the Olympic Games

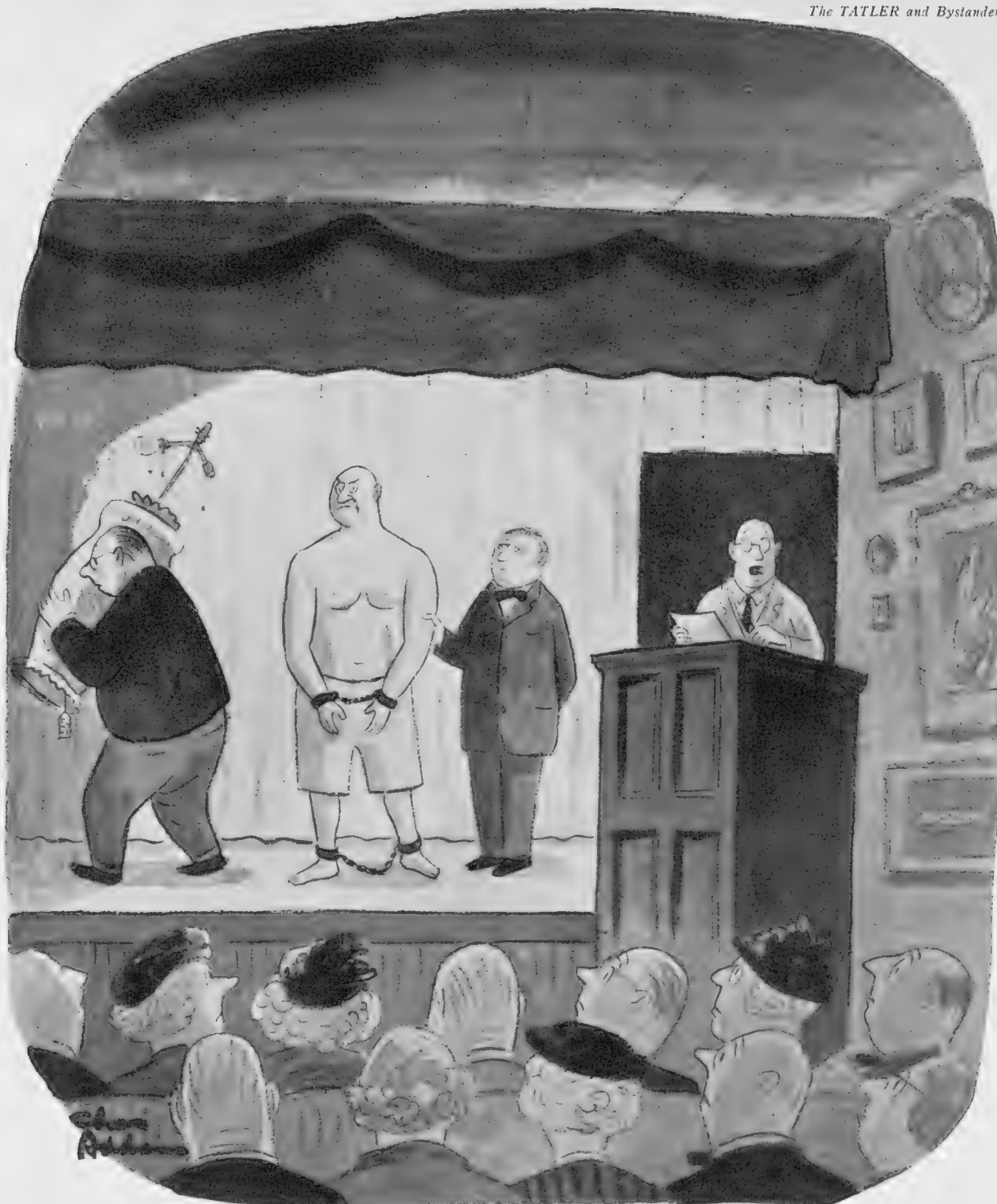
Miss Joan Lea and Major J. N. Chichester were toasting friends

Mrs. W. Cunningham and Mr. W. Riley were dancing a quickstep



The Earl of Rocksavage, from Cholmondeley Castle, Cheshire, who, with the Countess, had brought a party, chatting to Mrs. James Wetherby

Lady Glanusk, whose husband Lord Glanusk is the fourth baron, was talking to Col. Harry Llewellyn, the celebrated Olympic horseman



"No 468 . . . a slave"

Roundabout

Paul Holt

TO look at Len Hutton you would think him an eighteenth-century nobleman, not a twentieth-century professional cricketer.

His face, with that remarkable broken Roman nose, his shoulders and the way his head sits on his neck make you think of ruffles and snuff, Madeira wine and backgammon at dawn.

In personality he towered above all his contemporaries at the dinner, given in his honour on his retirement, by the re-founded National Sporting Club at the Café Royal.

When praised he looked wryly amused. But when the full thunder of appreciation broke about his head and phrases like "he

joins the gallery of immortals" were used he did not blush, nor drop his head, but stood up to the words as though they were fast ones from Ray Lindwall, to be met without a tremor.

I assess him as a man of character and a man of humour. No dour Yorkshireman he; nor does he even use the Yorkshire accent, with the exception that he sounds his "a" short. Such a great man, as well as a great cricketer. He said frankly that he regretted his career in first class cricket had been so short (fewer than twenty years) but he was philosophical about it, saying that he had always known that there is a rhythm about cricket, for the ones at the top always

start to move away from the wicket at about the time the new crop begins to show real promise.

FIVE former captains of England and the M.C.C. were flanking him and it was interesting to observe their unflagging enthusiasm. Mr. Freddie Brown, who knows so well what it is to play for the Ashes in Australia, was beaming with pleasure. For although he did not win "down under" he put up so fine a fight that Melbourne and Sydney street traders would cry: "Buy our lettuces! Hearts as big as Freddie Brown's!"

Gubby Allen, looking like an amused

solicitor, could not conceal, either, his admiration for this great cricketer, but the present England captain, Peter May, who has the burden of the battle to retain the Ashes this summer, looked shy and pale like the curate who thought the egg was good in parts.

The great England cricketers did not look shy. Terrible Typhoon Tyson grinned; Honest Statham bowed confidently; Trevor Bailey, a shock-haired bundle of stubbornness; Freddie Trueman on his very best behaviour; Godfrey Evans as cheerful as a chimney sweep; Denis Compton bowling like a Spanish grandee; Edrich, Cowdrey, Laker, Appleyard, Watson, Graveney and two great oldsters, Herbert Sutcliffe (who earned the biggest applause of the guests of the evening) and Leslie Ames—all did the same thing. They looked with admiration and affection towards the great captain who has led English cricket back towards its flower of achievement.

HUTTON regarded them. His praise went to the young ones, for it was clear that he thought that he and the captains about him had done their job and the task now lies with youth.

I did not doubt that the best speech of the evening came from Sir Norman Birkett, pink and pawky, who made the great point that the quality he admired most in Hutton was what he called his "unrepentant professionalism." What he was saying was that cricket is no longer, as it was in the days of Fry and Foster, a game for the nobs, but a game for the people.

Only by playing it that way this summer shall we retain the Ashes.

★ ★ ★

A GREAT scientist was invited to visit Harwell, Britain's chief atom centre. Before he was admitted, famous though he is, the security precautions taken were so great that he had to give the first name of his maternal grandmother and the colour of the socks of the engine driver who took him there.

As he approached the holy of holies he was tucked up in rubber and plastic for protection.

But there, in the secret room, his eye wandered and he saw a radioactive spider eating a radioactive fly.

No rubber, no plastic for them; nature being red in tooth and claw.

★ ★ ★

BECAUSE an old lady, a Campbell, left £50,000 in her will to the head of the clan, the Duke of Argyll, members of the Commons protest and sneer. Now, why?

The purpose of the legacy was to help needy members of the Campbell clan—and there are plenty.

There are also plenty of needy M.P.s. Would they reject a legacy?

At Cruft's this year, the Reserve Dog Champion in West Highland White Terriers was Lynwood Stoneygap Great Boy, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Granville Ellis, and not Squire of Millbrook as stated in a caption of The TATLER of February 22. Squire of Millbrook received an award in the Novice class.



PETER DAUBENY, the impresario, has in the past five years presented more than thirty international companies and famous artists in London, and may be said to have taken the place of the late C. B. Cochran in this respect. He was educated at Marlborough, served as a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards during the war and lost an arm at the Salerno landing. He started in theatre management in 1945 but it was not until he turned to ballet and introduced the great Spanish dancer, Antonio, to London that he found his real métier. Among the company he has presented are the Ballets de Paris de Roland Petit, the Yugoslav State Company, and last year the magnificent Edwige Feuillère in *La Dame aux Camélias*. On March 12 he began a nine months' international season at the Palace Theatre with seven performances of Mozart's first opera *La Finta Semplice*, with singers and orchestra from Salzburg. Mr. Daubeny has certainly achieved a unique position in the theatre for a young man who will be only thirty-five next month.

RIVIERA BALL VIED WITH ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE Galas of the Sporting Club of Monte Carlo are mellowing again into their natural Edwardian effulgence.

These events, which mark the opening of the spring season, are attended alike by Socialite and Socialist (though the latter prefer the side entrance in case they are recognized). At the top of the staircase on this occasion the company was welcomed by an orchestra playing "The Entry Of The Gladiators." This was not intended, as might be supposed, to warn guests of the gargantuan delights ahead, but to indicate that the cabaret was to be inspired by a circus motif. The décor for the evening was a rich plum, lit by candelabra which appeared to be operated by gas. From the false boxes wax peris, masked and scintillating, looked down upon the feast. Behind them the long windows were naked to the spring sky, so that the firework display outside could be enjoyed by the mere turn of a head.

The menu—caviare, salmon (from Holland), lamb, *bombe* and *foie gras*—was contrived with artistry and served with a skill which should be the envy of every London *maître d'hôtel*. Since Monte Carlo is a village, like all small communities with its own especial circle the gossip was naturally of The Wedding. Who is to be invited, who is to be excluded? The Cathedral is so tiny that there is only room for infinite speculation, and in the crush international corns may be in jeopardy. In the harbour the fabulous Onassis yacht lies at anchor, a silent modern sphinx complete with an authentic M-G-M staircase, an important El Greco, nearly two dozen bedrooms with appropriate baths and a Buddha in jade and diamonds of which there are only three examples in the universe.

In the excitement of informed and inspired small talk even the great gamblers who stake £1,000 on a hand of baccarat pale into obscurity.

AND so, between liqueurs, to the cabaret. Here indeed is a surprise, for the most elegant, most beautiful and most witty of Cabaret Queens was not the success confidently expected last year and the promoters this time have wisely decided on simpler pleasures. Thus the ladies of the chorus become clowns and romp robustly as they distribute masks, hats, favours and coloured ammunition for minor bombardments.

The turns, comedians, a juggler and a strong woman, would do well at the Palladium on a work-a-day bill. They have no subtlety and are beyond the barriers of class and language. Grock alone could improve on this choice, but the years have brought him honoured retirement. The reception is polite but post-prandial, and the guests give themselves but decorously to the Carnival spirit, and pelt rival tables with soft pellets, protected now by anonymity of masks.

The orchestra plays a conga and the clowns lead the chain of revellers in a serpentine harlequinade. "Alas," says the oldest and wisest of the regulars, "another Gala is ending."

—Youngman Carter



M. Jacques Ramon and Mme. Aureglia, wife of that eminent Monaco figure

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hayek, from St. John's Wood, fully caught the spirit of the occasion



Mrs. Gloria Solomon, of Monte Carlo, arriving with Miss Delia Solomon



Mrs. and Mr. Ian Abrahams from London, in company with Miss Adrienne Wolzock



Mrs. G. P. Squire and Col. J. Peart were two of the British contingent at the ball

Mme. Wenzinger-Barreau and Prince Michael Scherbatoff were taking dinner together

Mrs. Claude Grahame-White (centre) with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Needham from Sunningdale

Miss S. Scola, Signor S. Stangi, from Rome, and Mrs. M. Scola watching the very well arranged cabaret

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill

Miss Jennifer McRoberts, Mrs. Keith McRoberts and Miss Elizabeth Young were also engrossed by the scene



At the Theatre

ABSOLUTELY RIGHT

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

"THE RIVALS" is a capital play with the one disadvantage of being far too well known to most of us. Amateurs have made it their own. Very likely we have acted in it ourselves and cherish still the slightly ambiguous line in the school magazine recording that "Jones Major played the part of Miss Lydia Languish as charmingly as could be expected." We shall be well advised, all the same, to let the name of Mr. John Clements lure us to the Saville Theatre, for there we shall find the familiar old comedy put on in a highly professional way that really does have the effect of reviving all our early pleasure in its boisterous mockery of affected romance.

The tone of the acting is set by Mr. Clements himself. He gives us an Anthony Absolute quite different from the apoplectic old gentleman we are accustomed to see stamping about the stage in a state of perpetual tetchiness. It is a self-possessed beau of well-preserved middle age who listens with ironic amusement to Mrs. Malaprop as, with "a nice derangement of epitaphs," she falls in with his plans for the marriage of his son to her rich niece.

He remains a model of reason and moderation until his son crosses his wishes by objecting to the wife that has been found for him. Then self-possession, ironic amusement, kindness vanish into thin air, as though destroyed by some awful gouty convulsion in nature. He is thrown into an instant frenzy.

It is, however, a frenzy which curiously seems only to increase its comic pressure with every check cunningly placed upon it by the actor. He arrives at the end of the scene just as hopping mad as a man should be who is fairly bursting with threats: "I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you!" There are other rages to come, each adjusted to the exact requirement of the situation in a beautifully controlled performance.

Although Miss Kay Hammond happens to be more than seventeen years old, what does that matter when she makes such delicious fun of a romance-stuffed beauty who cannot bring herself to marry the man she loves without the romantic formality of an elopement? I would always rather see a silly miss of seventeen portrayed in the art of a mature actress than presented in the person of an immature actress of seventeen, and Miss Hammond misses nothing of Lydia's elegant absurdity. The malapropisms of Mrs. Malaprop strike us nowadays as a happy comic device that Sheridan overdid enormously. Fortunately there is Miss Athene Seyler to bolster them up with a stage personality which is comic in its own right.

Mr. Laurence Harvey might be expected to bring a romantic stage presence to the scarlet-coated ensign. He equally surprises us by supporting the presence with a lively sense of comic style. His comic by-play in Absolute's scenes with Mrs. Malaprop and Lydia is very happily pitched in exactly the right key.



"THE RIVALS" (Saville Theatre). Above: Sir Anthony Absolute (John Clements), a man of reason until adversity rouses him to volcanic rage and violent action. Below: Capt. Absolute (Laurence Harvey), an ardent lover who is not without a sense of humour, Lydia Languish (Kay Hammond), a lady for whom romance is melodrama, and Mrs. Malaprop (Athene Seyler), that genius of the mis-spoken word

MR. PAUL DANEMAN has the more difficult part of Faulkland, that insufferably eloquent lover who has no difficulties but of his own creating. Taking the eloquence at speed and showing us good poker-faced acting, Mr. Daneman keeps the romantic ass well this side of boredom. Mr. William Mervyn gives a good easy performance of the fire-eating Sir Lucius who would not dream of spoiling a good quarrel by trying to explain it, and Mr. Michael Medwin is a likeable Bob Acres. The whole production does credit to Mr. William Chappell, and it is charmingly set and dressed by Mr. Peter Rice. If ever we have a National Theatre its job will be to put on revivals such as this which achieve the effect of surprise by making the familiar as fresh as paint.

In writing of *Summer Song* the other week I find that owing to a mislaid note of a programme alteration, I omitted to give due credit to the dancing of the principal ballerina, Miss Herida May, and to that of Mr. Jurek Czalpa as a deputy for Mr. William Barrett.





WHEN A LADY JET PILOT RELAXES

KATHARINE HEPBURN, the very picture of an autumn crocus in her film, *Summer Madness*, comes back to full spring-time vitality, and with Bob Hope as partner, in *Not For Money*, in which she takes the part of a Russian woman jet pilot. Her off-duty uniform tends to be essentially feminine, for example this creation designed for her by Balmain, of black lace over pink satin, with a grey satin evening coat lined with chiffon

Photograph by
Norman Gryspeerdt

THE R.Aux.A.F. BIRTHDAY

THE thirtieth anniversary of the formation of the Royal Auxiliary Air Force was celebrated with a ball held at the Savoy Hotel recently. The highlight of the evening came when Air Chief Marshal Sir Francis Fogarty cut a birthday cake lit with thirty candles, which was played in by pipers of 603 Squadron



Air Marshal H. L. Patch, C.B., C.B.E., who is C.-in-C. Fighter Command, dancing with his wife

Miss Wendy Burrell dancing with W/Cdr. F. N. Royle-Bantost of the Ski Club of Great Britain



G/Capt. J. M. Birkin, Inspector of the R.Aux.A.F., greets Air Vice-Marshal W. G. Cheshire, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Cheshire

Below: F/Lt. and Mrs. D. M. Scrimgeour were among the 260 guests at this most successful ball



Air Vice-Marshal V. S. Bowling, C.B.E., Air Officer Commanding 11 Group, Princess Galitzine, Prince Galitzine and Mrs. V. S. Bowling

A. V. Swaebe



Lord and Lady Melchett pause by an exhibit while on their way round this stimulating exhibition



Miss Marilyn Bower and Mr. John Sainsbury standing by Frederick Gore's painting, "Summer"



Mrs. Marina Wilkinson illustrates a point in a discussion with Mr. Stan Krol

"THE SEASONS" INSPIRE ARTISTS

SEVERAL hundred guests attended an evening party at the Tate Gallery given by the Contemporary Art Society recently for the preview of "The Seasons," an original and varied exhibition of contemporary art on that subject



Desmond O'Neill

F. E. McWilliam's sculpture "The Seasons," bought by the C.A.S., was being admired by Miss Victoria Richards and Miss Sarah McWilliam, the artist's daughter



Mrs. Muriel Julius and Mr. Vivian Esch were studying one of the many pieces of sculpture

Mrs. Maurice Walt and Col. and Mrs. Jack Lotinga discussing a bronze by Reg Butler



A ketch in the Mediterranean

• Richard Graham •



The ancient towers of Porto Venere seen from a hillside terrace

At Calvi, the Corsican harbour, with its resolute, foursquare walls



"THERE is always something doing on a yacht even if she is at anchor." The truth of these words of Arnold Bennett's is apparent to everyone who loves boats. But for those who do not own a yacht, the enticing possibility of proving this dictum may seem remote. In point of fact, however, a yachting holiday lies within the reach of anyone who takes the trouble to look for it, since in these days of high maintenance costs many owners take paying passengers, or charter their vessels out for a part of the year, and a voyage in these circumstances can cost no more, and sometimes less, than a comparable cruise by ocean liner.

Kinds of accommodation and cruising grounds vary, of course, but the Mediterranean is certainly the most popular. A fortnight spent last summer began and ended at Monte Carlo and included a visit to Corsica and the smaller islands of Elba and Capraia, with other calls at small harbours along the Italian and French Rivières. Our vessel was a 104-ton sailing ketch, solid and comfortably old-fashioned. Her gleaming brass and mahogany evoked a wraith of the vanished world of Edwardian elegance, but she provided all the amenities of today, electric light, running water in the cabins, bathroom, wireless and a powerful auxiliary for when the wind failed.

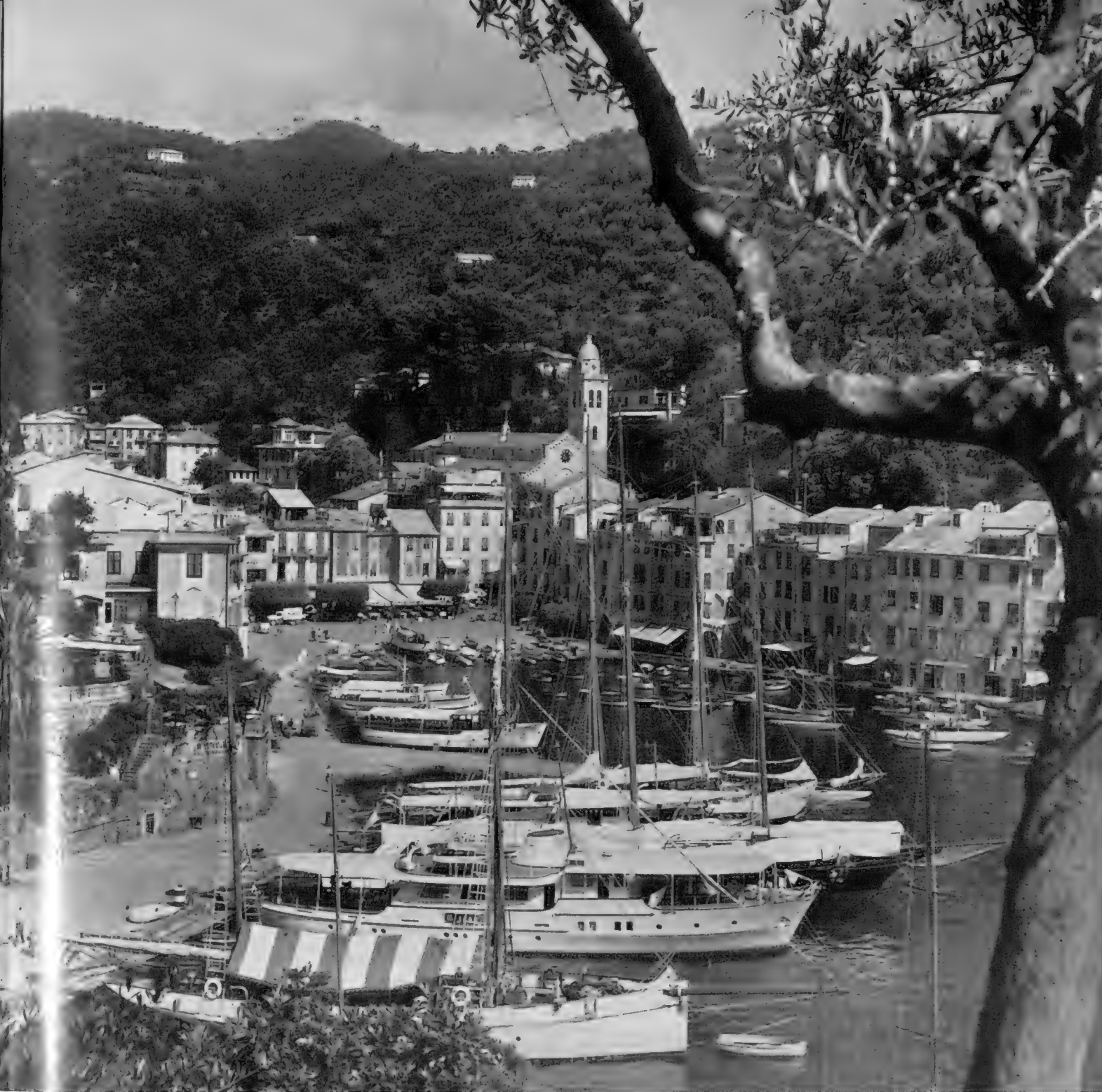
It was with the aid of this that one July afternoon we edged away from the yacht-lined quays of La Condamine and out into the open sea. Before sailing we had lunched on deck, beneath the pink-and-white striped awning that protected the ship from the glaring heat of the summer sun, and now had nothing to do but sit lazily and watch the land recede, the domes and cupolas of the painted town slowly merging into the high amphitheatre of fierce brown hills behind. Outside the shelter of the land the ketch would begin its slow game of pitch-and-toss with the currents that underlie the deceptive calm of the Mediterranean and, at first uncertainly, one would tread the moving deck and experience the sensuous feel of the warm planking beneath one's bare feet; a first steadying sail would go up and the novel, confined world become gradually less vertiginous.

Next day, after a hundred-mile passage, mostly under sail, the high coastline of Napoleon's "scented isle" ahead held itself hidden behind mist until quite suddenly, when we were within two miles or less of it, the dark mountains loomed up on the near horizon. The ketch raced nearer the land until one could distinguish a wide, crescent bay, backed by a long range of snow-touched mountains, with to one side a promontory ending in a huddle of buildings poised dramatically over the sea and rocks below. The foursquare walls, scarred and streaked like a painter's palette, enclosed the ancient citadel of Calvi.

We came in to lie at the quay below the ramparts of the citadel, facing the tall houses and cafés of the palm-fringed waterfront. Our two days here we passed bathing in the warm, lapping sea or basking on the wide sands that fringe the bay; taking the outboard to picnic in the solitude of some isolated cove; hiring a car, as we did one afternoon, and driving up through tiny, precipitous villages in the mountains, beyond the arid pastureland and scrub of the *maquis*. Meals we took as usual on deck and after dining in the cool of evening there was the moonlight walk up the steep, winding ramp that leads to the silent citadel, a scene that takes one, by its intense contrasts of deepest black and white, into the sombre *chiaroscuro* world depicted in the etchings of Piranesi.

FROM below the bumpy, monotonous music of the café orchestras floats slowly upwards and on the town square the visitors shuffle contentedly round and round the gravel, a bucolic scene to which Corsican hyperbole applies the term "night club." A sophisticated venue, however, is to be found in the charming Corsy-Club, a little *boîte* perched out from the shore over the lipping night sea. Also a bar called the Au Son des Guitares, where in a single, dim-lit, low-ceilinged room opening straight in from the street—it might never occur to you to enter it—two or three young local guitarists play and sing lilting southern melodies: just a bar, a few tables and deep wicker chairs, no dance floor, nothing chi-chi, only quiet charm and an atmosphere of perfect restfulness.

After a call at Porto Golfo, a famed Corsican beauty spot which is said to present the eye with a seascape unchallenged in Europe, we sped eastward to the island of Capraia, lying on the horizon half-way between us and the Tuscan mainland of Italy. Capraia, inaccessible and seldom visited by foreigners, might seem at first sight uninhabited,



Michael Dunne

Porto Fino, the very popular yachting venue, where the sea comes into the town centre

until on passing a sudden head of land one finds a quiet little town stretched out round the shores of the bay. A free port in the distant past, it still contains a number of exquisite *palazzos*, once the homes of the merchants and diplomats whom the island's fiscal immunity brought there.

We lingered for a day amid the forgotten splendours of the little port and then continued our voyage eastward towards the largest and best-known of the islands of the Tuscan archipelago, Elba, the place of Napoleon's first exile and subsequent escape. Our anchorage was at Portoazzurro, a typical small Mediterranean port, its colour-washed houses curving gently round a harbour crowded with fishing boats and the dilapidated *paranzas*—small trading schooners—which ply the Italian coast. We sat at café tables in the plane-shaded square and watched the Sunday crowd indulge its ritualistic promenade along the waterfront, parading an open joy that somehow communicates itself to the stranger and draws him intangibly into the current of pleasure.

OUR next destination was Lerici, an attractive small resort that lies in the bay outside the harbour and naval base of La Spezia, and we lay at the stone pier that projects out from below the splendid medieval castle dominating the scene. On our first evening there we took the outboard to Porto Venere, an hour or so's run across the plashing waters of the open bay. Porto Venere is a picturesque old fishing town which has so far been spared exploitation by the tourists. One or two

quayside restaurants and an open-air dance-floor cater, however, for those visitors who come in from La Spezia and its nearby resorts to spend a few hours in these fascinating surroundings.

Next we put in at Porto Fino, higher up the Ligurian coastline on the lovely Bay of Tigullo. The lush little land-locked harbour, surrounded by gay pink and yellow and blue houses pushed close to the water's edge by the green hills that hem the tiny town in, blazes with colour that, emphasized by the riotous brilliance of the sub-tropical vegetation, sets off to perfection the superb yachts that grace its waters, and the whole scene is one of an exotic elegance that somehow escapes ostentation.

So it was perhaps fitting that from there we should head for the kindred ambience of St. Jean Cap Ferrat, our last port of call, a long night's sail across the Gulf of Genoa. We anchored there out in the bay a couple of hundred yards from the shore where we could swim, sunbathe and laze about in seclusion before going ashore for the last time to dance, for early next morning the anchor would be up and we would motor east again over the ten miles or so to Monte Carlo, past Cap d'Ail and the towering cliff of old Monaco into the harbour we had left a fortnight previously.

We would go ashore for the last time and the yacht would be turned inside out for another small batch of passengers like ourselves—we were seven incidentally—and a few days later would be sailing away again on another similar voyage. But for us it was great fun while it lasted.

SPRING STORY IN GREY AND WHITE

JACQMAR TOWN AND COUNTRY COLLECTION brought out this smart buttoned coat. It is a fitted redingote with a wide collar and squared off buttoned front skirt line—essentially slimming and elegant. The price is approximately 30 gns. The neat little white stranded ostrich pill-box hat is by Gna Davies and completes the grey and white theme which is illustrated on these pages for an attractive 1956 spring wardrobe

Photographs by
John French





SPECTATOR SPORTS created this jersey jumper suit with its slim skirt. The front fullness of the threequarter length jacket is caught into the round neckline by a broad white piqué bow. The price is 19 gns. from Simpsons, Piccadilly. The white high crowned pill-box is by R.M. Hats

DERETA'S grey and white striped classic tailored suit with narrow straight skirt is ideal for town wear. The stripes are slimming and excessively soigné. The price is 12 gns. from Dickins & Jones. The Italian straw boater hat underlined with velvet, a model from the "Teen and Twenty" Collections, is by Gina Davies





ROMANCE FOR COCKTAIL TIME

RUDOLPHE'S pale flame boater (left) consists of a cluster of petals worn far down over the eyes which accentuates that elusive and so becoming elfin look

VERNIER'S (below, left) pale blue organdie swathed toque, with white spots, has dignity and poise and is sophisticatedly plain and very flattering

RUDOLPHE'S also (below) is this lightweight tailored boater with the important belted band over the crown, so shading to the eyes—so easy to wear





RUDOLPHE'S enchanting nun's coiffe made in spotted white net is seen above in profile, showing its soft, mysterious line, and (below) full face which presents to perfection the effect of this particularly becoming style



*Photographs by
Michel Mollnare*

OPPORTUNITY COMES WITH GREY SKIES

*A*ntirely new approach to elegance has been made by firms which specialize in rainwear. These two examples from Burberry, Haymarket, combine snugness with stylistic imagination, and will enable their possessors to welcome a cloudy day



Above and left: This reversible model gives you the advantages of two entirely different raincoats in one. It is a black and white Donegal check gaberdine lined red, and is also obtainable in grey and white, or brown and white, lined red or jade green. It can be obtained for £12 19s., matching hat inclusive

Opposite page: Pale blue or neutral hairline striped cotton gaberdine coat, with miniature saddle stitching. The sleeves are cut in one from back to front. The price is £12 12s., hat inclusive



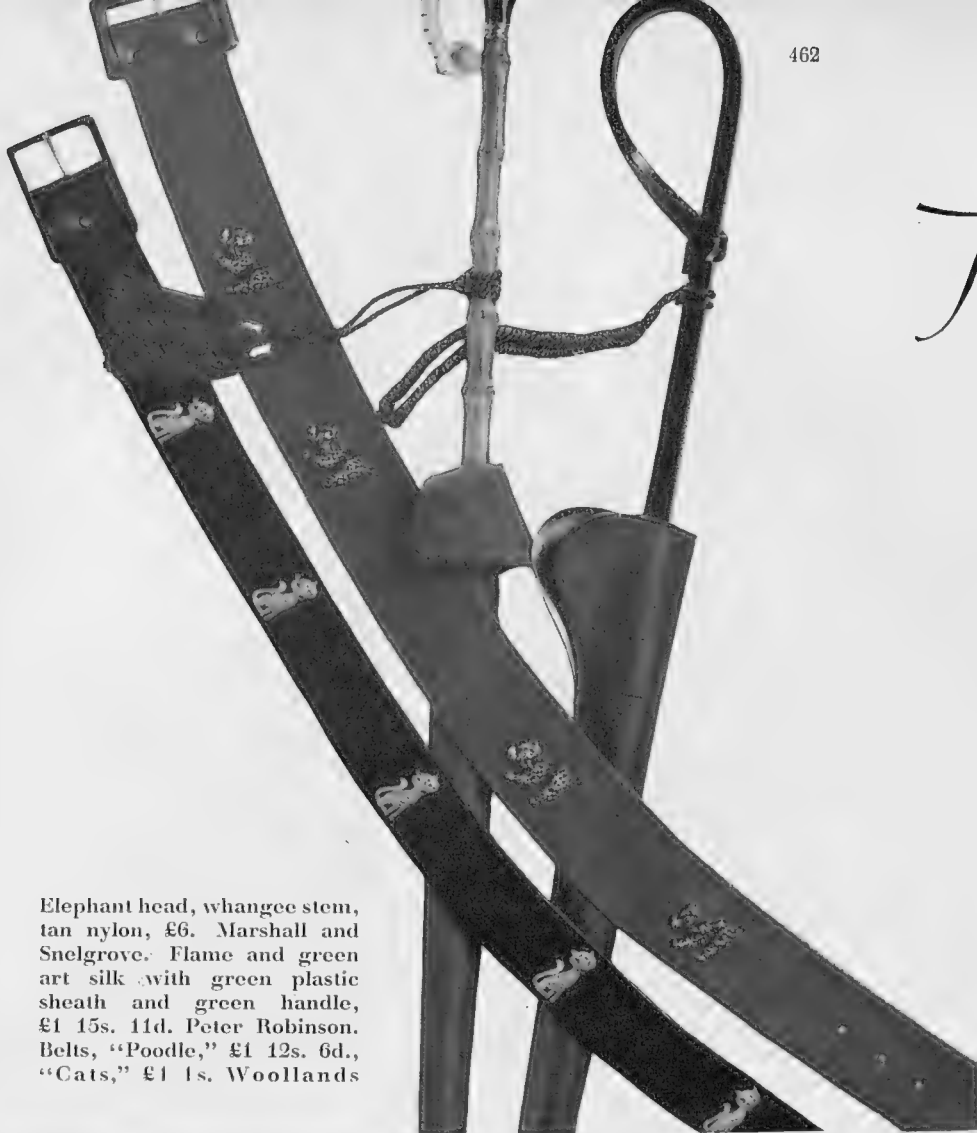
CHOICE FOR THE WEEK




The Umbrella Blossoms Out!

THE value of the umbrella as an aid to chic is becoming increasingly recognized. These examples are from an impressive show given recently in London by the National Federation of Umbrella Manufacturers. With them are depicted other accessories, suitable in each instance to the umbrella they accompany


—JEAN CLELAND



Elephant head, whangee stem, tan nylon, £6. Marshall and Snelgrove. Flame and green art silk with green plastic sheath and green handle, £1 15s. 11d. Peter Robinson. Belts, "Poodle," £1 12s. 6d., "Cats," £1 1s. Woollands

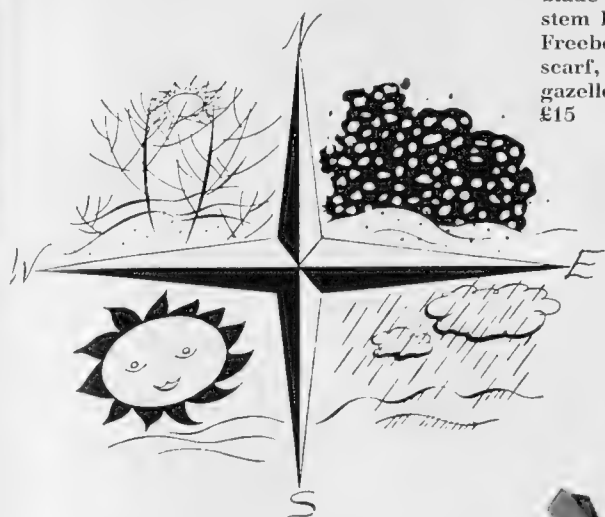


Left, shaded yellow and brown art silk promenade umbrella, imitation tortoise-shell handle with gold filigree edging. Dickins and Jones, £3 8s. 9d. Luxan Hide bag, £6 17s. 6d. From Marshall and Snelgrove



Shaded Continental art silk, with Aeronoid gilt chain handle. Hall, Higham and Co., Manchester, £2 5s. Striped ribbon scarf, price 12s. 6d., Ribbon Dept., Marshall and Snelgrove

Black nylon, with straight top blade and imitation pearl stem handle. Debenham and Freebody, £3 12s. 6d. Silk scarf, £1 7s. 6d., and black gazelle suède afternoon bag, £15 15s. from Woollands



A kingfisher blue nylon model, with a handle of combined whangee and plastic £5 19s. 6d. Long suède gloves £2 12s. 9d., gilt bracelet, £1 10s. From Marshall and Snelgrove



Tan nylon walking length umbrella, with matching petal-shaped case and detachable amber coloured handle, £4 10s. Marshall and Snelgrove. Tan suède gloves with scalloped tops, £1 18s. 9d. from Woollands. Italian dark tan calf pochette with rope handle, £19 8s. 6d. Also at Woollands

Beauty

by

Jean Cleland



SIMPLICITY is the keynote for the young girl, and French of London shows how she can attune this to her own young charm by means of a hair style which has been developed with this particular aim

Stoking up the inner fires

LETTERS from friends holidaying in sunny climes are apt to be as two-edged swords if they come at the wrong time. While it is nice to be remembered, it is maddening to read of blue skies and shimmering heat, at a moment when every pipe in the place is frozen and one's teeth are chattering with cold.

This happened to me three times lately, and when the last letter arrived from a cousin, complaining of the heat and asking if I could send her a few tips on how to keep cool, it was more than I could bear. My advice went back to her on a card:

"Fly home on the first plane you can get, and you won't need any tips from me. Our problem is how to keep warm."

Not only how to keep warm, but how to avoid the shrivelled look that is so dreary and so infinitely ageing. Some people seem to manage this more successfully than others, and according to a specialist with whom I talked at some length, this is due largely to diet and circulation.

Diet is an important factor, and however much you want to slim, this is *not* the moment to start cutting down on those foods that help to lubricate the skin and build up resistance against cold weather. In support of this, I had a phone call from my friend Dorothy Ward who, normally reasonably careful with regard to diet—hence her lovely "Principal Boy" figure—told me that she couldn't care less just now. "I believe in stoking up when it is cold," she said. "One can always go back to fruit, lettuces and suchlike when the temperature rises."

HERE is some advice from the specialist to whom I was talking. High caloried foods provide the body with fuel and help to keep it warm, so partake of these a little more liberally than you would in the ordinary way. At the same time, it is important to include vitamin B in your diet, because the B group helps your body to convert starch and sugar into energy, instead of just forming unwanted fat. I asked in which foods vitamin B can best be found, and was told that liver, eggs and wheatgerm are the richest sources. You can get the wheatgerm in wholemeal bread, and such things as Bemax and something called Froment, which can be purchased from health stores. There is also a special "Wheatgerm Preparation" made by Gayelord Hauser, which is excellent for building up the health, especially in the cold weather.

"This question of combating the spring weather from the *inside*," said the specialist, "is important not only to the health but to the looks. Cold winds help to dry the skin, but as the skin is nourished through the circulation, its nutrition depends on the nutrition of the body as a whole."

Circulation is another very vital factor in the matter of keeping well and looking well at a time when the temperature is so low that your blood feels like ice in your veins. "A good 'scrub up' after the morning bath, followed by a few minutes vigorous exercise" is the advice of a famous beauty specialist to whom a number of career women—actresses, journalists and business executives—go to be kept on the top of their form. "Take a long-handled body brush," she says, "and scrub all over your body until the skin is warm and glowing. Then for about five minutes or so do any form of exercise you like, but let it be something really energetic like jumping—feet together, feet apart and clapping the hands together at the same time—or skipping. You can do this in the bathroom or bedroom with an imaginary rope, skipping as high as possible as you swing your arms up over your head and down. In this way you start off in a glow, and are much more likely to remain warm throughout the day."

EXTERNAL as well as internal nourishment is, of course, essential if the skin is to be kept soft and unshrivelled when the cold winds blow—an occurrence particularly likely to happen in March, the drying quality of whose blustery winds we need particularly to guard against.

For the body, I am greatly in favour of a little bath oil in the bath. For the complexion, morning and nightly massage with a really rich skin food. For the hands, a nutritive hand cream at night, and a good hand lotion every time after washing during the day. In addition to this, a few minutes soaking of the fingertips in warm olive oil two or three times a week. There is nothing better than this for "feeding" the nails and preventing them from splitting and breaking. I am often asked how this annoying condition can be prevented or cured. Well, that is the answer. It sounds, and is, simple, but its effectiveness is beyond dispute.

Talking of splitting, if you happen to get one of those tiresome little cracks that often afflict the fingers during cold weather, here is a good tip for healing them up quickly. Get some beeswax from the chemist. Warm it *slightly* to soften it, and smear it into the crack, and then cover with a small piece of Elastoplast. You will be surprised how quickly these painful cracks, which are apt to be persistent as well as unsightly, will respond to this treatment.





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weight
a
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secret
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Motoring

BREAKDOWN GANG

Oliver Stewart

TWICE I have made use of the Royal Automobile Club "get you home" arrangements, and I here record my satisfaction with them. On the first occasion a half-shaft in the car I was driving suffered a fatigue failure on a steep hill. I was left with a perfectly good engine, gear box, propeller shaft and differential, but no drive to the rear wheels. On the second occasion the part that failed was the water pump. I was able to telephone to a garage, to place the work of towing in and repairing in their hands and, what was more important to me, to obtain transport quickly for completing my journey.

The R.A.C. (and the Automobile Association has a similar arrangement for its members) pays for the recovery of the car. It is a sound scheme and my personal experience of it shows that it works well. These organizations are already so large that they do not need recommendation; but I have so often criticized them for their action in sponsoring bad hotels that I feel that justice demands that I should indicate where their services are of high value to motorists.

OVERDRIVES continue to gain in popularity. A further step was made at the Amsterdam Motor Show, when the Austin Motor Company exhibited an A50 Cambridge saloon with the overdrive as an optional extra. In this particular form the overdrive is automatically controlled through the movements of the accelerator pedal on second, third and top gears. There is a manual control with which the unit can be disengaged. When it is remembered that the overdrive is a means of offering an additional set of gear ratios, it will be appreciated that the rear axle ratio of the car must be appropriately chosen. In the A50 the ratio has been reduced so as to retain full flexibility of performance. The unit itself is the same as that announced towards the end of last year for the A90.

A great number of those who have been taking their cars to the Ministry of Transport's test station at Hendon are men and women who are keenly interested in motoring. Mr. C. C. Toyne, who is in



MME. JACQUELINE AURIOL at the controls of a Bristol Sycamore helicopter during a recent flight demonstration of the machine in Mexico, when she was a "guest pilot." Behind is M. Jacques Allais, President of the French Aero Club

charge of the station, discussed the different types of drivers who come there at the little ceremony when the 10,000th car was tested. Nearly all the drivers present were men, but I understood that the station had dealt with a fairly large number of women drivers.

A POINT that impressed itself upon me concerned the second set of tests those immediately following the tests of the horn, wind-screen wipers, driving mirror, bonnet catch and door locks. The car is driven over a pit, which is extremely well lighted, and testers in the pit have the means of cleaning and inspecting parts with an ease and efficiency not readily obtainable in any other circumstances. It is my belief that few cars, even including recent models in the high price classes, can stand up to this kind of underside test without any risk of defects being found. The fact is that styling developments have made it increasingly difficult to examine any parts underneath the car except with the aid of a pit or hydraulic lift. As owners are unable normally to call upon either of these articles of equipment, the underneath parts are rarely inspected.

Statistics compiled by this test station suggest that wrongly aimed headlights are one of the commonest defects. Yet being readily accessible the headlights might be expected—unlike underbody parts—to be kept in correct adjustment. Another fact which they told me at Hendon was rather surprising. It was that the proportion of cars having major faults was only twenty per cent lower for recent models than for models which appeared before 1945.

GOODWOOD's International Car Race Meeting on Easter Monday, April 2, has a good programme—a programme, in fact, well fitted to herald a year of motor sport which may prove to be the best year yet. The events are for cars in racing trim and for sports cars, and the meeting is held, of course, under the F.I.A. sporting code. The Richmond Formula One trophy race is to be over thirty-two laps. The Production Sports Car race is to be over thirteen laps. Proceedings begin at 1.30 p.m. I should add that the British Automobile Racing Club is also directing attention to its Aintree International Meeting on April 21. This has a Formula One race and two sports car events.

WOMEN drivers sometimes complain of the amount of muscular effort still needed to operate certain car controls. They are perfectly right in saying that many hand-brake levers, when once firmly set, demand too much effort for their release; but I think a more basic approach to this problem would be concerned with the balance of the effort required rather than with that needed for any particular control. Thus, a heavy hand-brake becomes the more objectionable as the other controls become lighter.

It is fairly clear that as automatic transmission systems become more popular, so it will be necessary to reduce markedly the muscular effort required for such things as applying the hand brake and steering.

EVERYBODY in motoring will wish to congratulate Mr. J. A. Masters upon his election as President of the Veteran Car Club. It was he who, with Mr. Sammy Davis and the late John Wylie, founded the club twenty-five years ago. He holds a high position in a great many motoring associations, councils and committees, and I am told that his first driving licence was dated 1904, or in other words, it goes back to the time when licences were first introduced.

MR. GILBERT LEE, General Sales Manager of B.O.A.C., at the wheel of a 1911 seven-seater Renault Limousine, which served the same family from 1911 to 1939. This 25-30 h.p., four-cylinder car was one of the first to be fitted with electric light



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Miss Rosemary Margaret Steward, only daughter of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Steward, of Gowthorpe Manor, Swardston, Norwich, has announced her engagement to Mr. David Melville Watkinson, elder son of Major-Gen. G. L. and Mrs. Watkinson, of Bowden House, Lacock, Wilts

Lenarc



Miss Jennifer June Birkbeck, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Birkbeck, of Rippon Hall, Norwich, is to marry Mr. James Thomas Durrant Shaw, elder son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. R. D. Shaw, of Scottow Hall, Norwich

Pearl Freeman



Miss Caroline Jane Knight, eldest daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Claude Knight, of Lower Stoneham, Lewes, Sussex, is engaged to Capt. Jerome Owey Fane De Salis, the Welsh Guards, son of Lt.-Col. E. W. Fane De Salis, M.C., of Bourne House, East Woodhay, Newbury, Berkshire, and the late Mrs. A. V. O. Fane De Salis

Harlip

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Miss Jennifer Mary Neale, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Neale, of Fontley, Weston, Hitchin, Herts, is engaged to Mr. Dorian Williams, M.F.H., of Pendley Manor, Tring, Herts, son of Col. V. D. S. Williams, O.B.E., of East Burnham Park, Bucks, and the late Mrs. V. D. S. Williams

Studio Lisa



Miss Gillian Roberts-Arnold, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Roberts-Arnold, of Woodlands, Seaton, Devon, has announced her engagement to Mr. Nicholas Martyn Boggon, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Boggon, of The Old Grange, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex



Vandys



Miss Diana Muriel Feaver, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie E. Feaver, of The Slate House, Northampton Road, Addiscombe, Surrey, has announced her engagement to Mr. James H. J. L. Wilson, only son of Col. J. A. L. Wilson, R.A.M.C. (retd.), and Mrs. Wilson, of Tunbridge Wells, Kent

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Adams—Sutherland. Mr. Peter Adams, youngest son of the late Mr. Leonard Adams and Mrs. Adams, of Huntercombe Farm House, Taplow, Bucks, married Miss Barbara Sutherland, youngest daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. O. Sutherland, D.S.O., and Mrs. Sutherland, of Delhi, at St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Boveney, Bucks



Hutchison—MacLeod. Mr. Rowan Balfour Hutchison, son of Lt.-Gen. Sir Balfour Hutchison, K.B.E., C.B., and Lady Hutchison, of Rendham Court, Saxmundham, Suffolk, married Miss Alison Margaret MacLeod, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alistair B. MacLeod, of Parkside Gardens, Wimbledon, at St. Michael's, Chester Square, London, S.W.1

THEY WERE MARRIED



Kavanagh—Philipps. Mr. Patrick Kavanagh, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Kavanagh, married at Brompton Oratory Miss Sarah Jane (Sally) Philipps, daughter of the Hon. Wogan Philipps, of Butlers Farm, Colesbourne, near Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, and of Mrs. Rosamond Philipps, of Eaton Square, S.W.1



Hayden—Picton-Warlow. The wedding took place at Minchinhampton Church, Glos, of Mr. Michael John Hayden, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hayden, of Dartmouth, Devon, and Miss Sarah Marylyn Picton-Warlow, only daughter of the late Mr. F. J. C. Picton-Warlow, and of Mrs. Picton-Warlow, of Greenisland, Co. Antrim



Burkitt—Black. Lt.-Col. Henry Gale Stewart Burkitt, The Dogra Regt., Indian Army (retd.), eldest son of Mr. Harold Burkitt and the late Mrs. Burkitt, of Grange Hill, Bishop Auckland, Co. Durham, married Miss Margaret Alison Campbell Black, daughter of Mrs. Black, of Cornwall Gardens, London, S.W.7, and of the late Dr. G. D. R. Black, of Hong Kong, at Christ Church, Victoria Road, S.W.7



Rycroft—Youngleson. At St. Michael's Church, Bray, Berks, the wedding took place of Dr. Peter Vere Rycroft, elder son of Mr. B. W. Rycroft, O.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Rycroft, of Harley Street, and Bishops Lodge, Oakley Green, Windsor, Berkshire, and Miss Margaret Anne Youngleson, eldest daughter of the late Mr. A. H. Youngleson and of Mrs. L. R. Youngleson, of Durban, South Africa

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KENNETH BELL (left) took over Rule's in Maiden Lane from his father last year, and now runs this famous old restaurant, which started in the year 1798. He served in the R.A.F.'s Air-Sea Rescue Service during the war

M. JULES, Resident director of the Café Royal (right), has been there in various capacities for twenty-six years. Friend and guide of London's gourmets, he is particularly renowned for his delicate palate and has a remarkable flair for wines



Delia Dudgeon

DINING IN

Nothing like liver

SOME of us older folk will remember the days when the butcher practically gave liver away—probably not the tenderest calf's liver, but ox or pig's liver, which is firmer textured. Nowadays, however, the prices that we have to pay for even the less sought-after, poorer qualities would have been unbelievable in the past. The reason is that only in comparatively recent years has the value of liver been recognized.

I remember being told by the chairman of one of the largest firms of chemists in this country that liver is a mine of most important properties and always, it seemed, some new one was being "unearthed." So much so, indeed, that when their scientists were at a loose end they would "just for the fun of it" do some further research on liver, and always they made some new worthwhile discovery. But it is of liver dishes that I write this week.

When I can get calf's liver, there is only one way to cook it, for me, at any rate. Cut it into slices one-third inch thick. Place them in a bowl and pour boiling water over them. Get butter nicely hot in a frying-pan, but not yet at the hazel stage. Drain and dry the slices and lay them in the pan. By the time the last slice has been laid, the first is ready to be turned and transferred to a heated serving-dish. Turn the slices in the order in which they went into the pan, and the whole cooking will be completed in a couple of minutes.

WHAT to serve with this dish? Calf's liver is one of the most delicately flavoured meats and calls for delicate accompaniments. Tiny champignons in cream sauce are ideal. Last week, I bought some of the smallest I have ever seen anywhere. Half a pound cost me only 2s., I washed them, leaving their long stalks on. Fortunately, they were too small to be peeled! Here is a recipe:

Melt a nice piece of butter in a saucepan. Add the mushrooms and gently cook them for a few minutes over a lowish heat. Season to taste. Slowly stir in as much double cream as you feel justified in using, then add, say, a tablespoon of sherry and cook together to thicken the sauce to your liking (there is no fear of double cream curdling). Pour over the cooked sliced liver, and with it serve sieved boiled potatoes, beaten with enough milk to make them delightfully soft and white. Add butter, too, if you like, but with butter for frying both the liver and the mushrooms—and the cream!—there is no need for it. Even such a good fat as butter can be overdone.

You can serve grilled bacon with the liver, if you like. In this case, in place of the champignons in cream sauce, I would serve grilled tomatoes and grilled large, dark, rough-topped mushrooms, which have been coming in again in recent weeks. And the whipped potatoes certainly "stay put."

TRADITIONAL British way with liver is to serve fried onions with it. Then there is liver *en casserole*, using a good-sized piece of ox liver. (Calf's liver would be better, but this will do.)

Remove all those stringy pieces, skin and so forth which contribute nothing but toughness to the finished dish. Cut the liver into slices and toss them in a little butter. Transfer to a casserole, just large enough to hold them and their garnish. Surround them with whole tiny onions, first tossed in butter in the same pan, and scraped whole young carrots. Season well and add water and red wine, half and half, almost to come through. Place closely on top butter paper, buttered side down, put on the lid of the casserole and give the dish about 2 hours' very slow baking.

To thicken the sauce: Knead together $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. each of butter and plain flour. Crumble the mixture into the liquid and simmer for a minute or two, but do not boil.

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

Week of banqueting

COLOSSAL! Stupendous! Gigantic! And regardless! Cecil B. de Mille could not have done better. This is a fair description of the Ford Convention at Harringay, where they spent a week on concentrated entertaining on the grand scale to launch their new models.

Staggering efforts were made by the catering staff of the Greyhound Racing Association. Their chef, Paul Munchenbach, who was once a student of Escoffier, performed miracles in the special kitchen built for the occasion in a large marquee.

The activities commenced on Monday with six hundred guests to lunch followed by a buffet supper in the evening to 350 members of the press. On Tuesday, again a lunch to five hundred V.I.P.s, which included Cabinet Ministers, M.P.s, Generals, Air Commodores, Air Vice-Marshals, Admirals, and such a mass of titles that commoners were in the minority. They sat down to a six course luncheon which included *Filet de Sole Edward*, *Noisettes d'Agneau Fleuriste*, accompanied by Liebfraumilch Crown of Crowns 1952 and Chamberlain 1947. On Wednesday there were another six hundred to lunch at which Château Latour 1946 was the main wine and quite excellent. On Thursday they had 2,500 guests to a continuous running buffet with tables covered with sides of beef, hams, tongues, chickens, turkeys, legs of lamb, and everything else you can think of, and wine bars at alternating intervals. On Friday there were another 1,800 to a similar running buffet; on Saturday they entertained eight thousand people to light refreshments and on Sunday, 15,000 to the same thing.

One way and another, they served over 33,000 meals in the week and at all times it appears that everything was under control. An admirable effort!

TALKING about control, I have on more than one occasion been asked by young, enthusiastic and possibly inexperienced wine drinkers what is meant by "Appellation Contrôlée" written across a label. Instead of quoting any of our resident authorities, let us see what Francis Lewis Gould has to say in the February issue of *Gourmet*, a magazine published in New York. Due to lack of space we will restrict his observations to the districts of Bordeaux.

"The best French wine districts have gained great prestige because of their soil, climate and grape varieties, and the centuries of devotion accorded the high art of wine making. To ensure the buyer against adulteration of the wines from these favoured locations, France has established the 'Institut National des Appellations d'Origine des Vins et Eaux-de-Vie,' a group of competent specialists who set up controls governing the district of origin. These controls, which are strictly enforced, apply not only to the wine regions, such as Burgundy or Bordeaux, but also to the districts within the regions and to the vineyards within the district. Indicated on the label by the words 'Appellation Contrôlée,' these controls do not have to do only with the matter of origin, but extend to soil requirements, vine stock, amount of yield, alcoholic strength and methods of viticulture and vinification. They are a guarantee, therefore, both of authenticity and—in a way—of quality.

"Bordeaux has five great wine districts: Médoc, Graves, Sauternes, Saint-Emilion and Pomerol. As there are many vineyards in each district, some far better than others, the district 'Appellation Contrôlée' is not, of itself, a guarantee of high quality. However, the best Bordeaux wines, both red and white, are grown in the vineyards of the châteaux and with a few exceptions are bottled on the property. This château bottling is indicated by the words 'mis en bouteilles au château.'"

—I. Bickerstaff

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PIQUÉ

Dégraissier et dénervier le filet de boeuf de grandeur voulue, le piquer copieusement avec des lardes de lard gras coupées en rosse julienne. Ensuite percer le filet (avec un couteau pointu) en espaces réguliers dans lesquelles un soupçon d'ail broyé est placé.

Assaisonner le filet, le colorer au feu vif dans un plat à rôtir graissé, ajouter aussitôt un bon arpoix, mettre à cuire dans un four chaud environ 30 minutes, selon la grosseur.

Garnir le plat de service avec pommes et légumes désirés.

Le filet étant prêt, déglacer le plat à rôtir avec un peu de madère et un bon fonds, lier légèrement et le passer. Arroser le filet déjà tranché et le placer au milieu de la garniture et servir de suite.

Cette recette vous est donnée
par le chef de cuisine du

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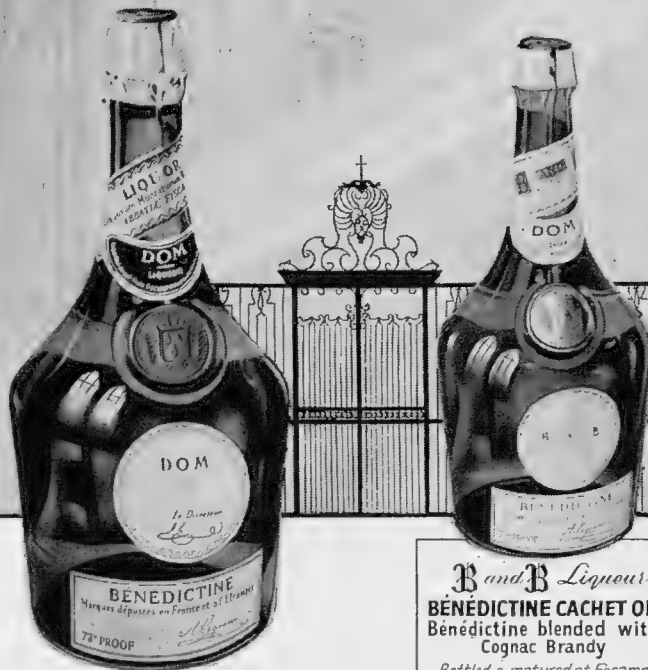
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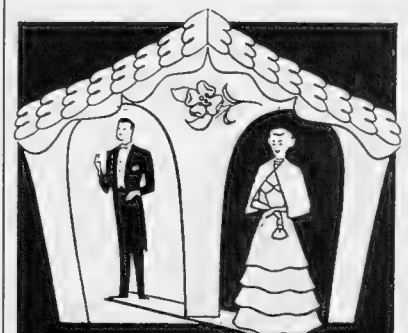
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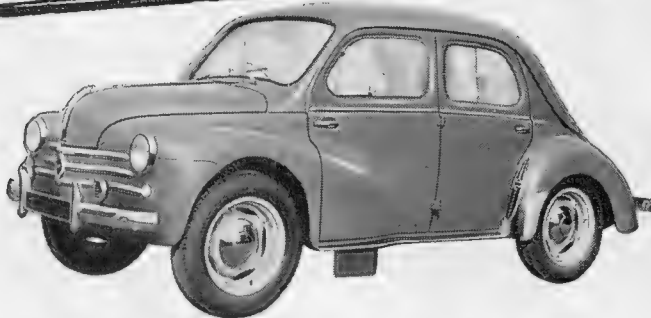
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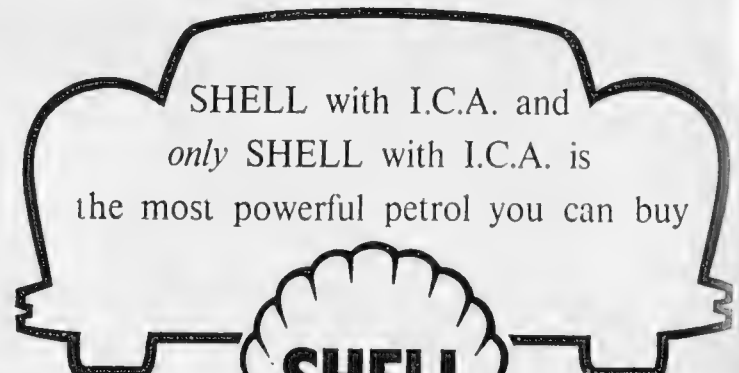
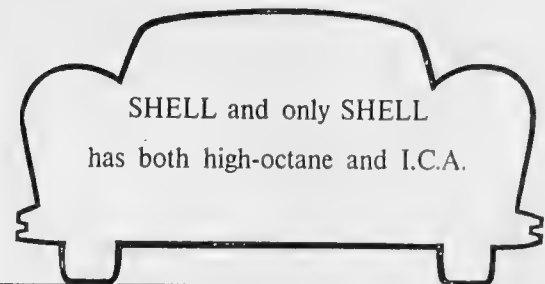
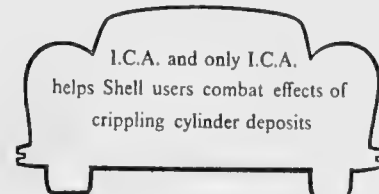
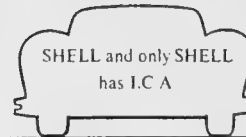
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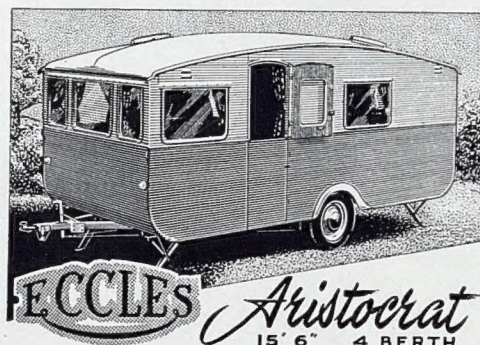
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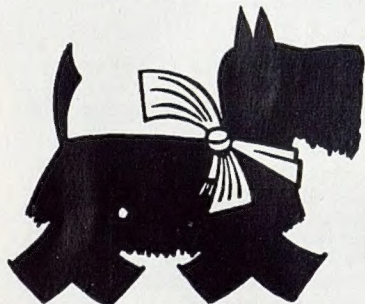
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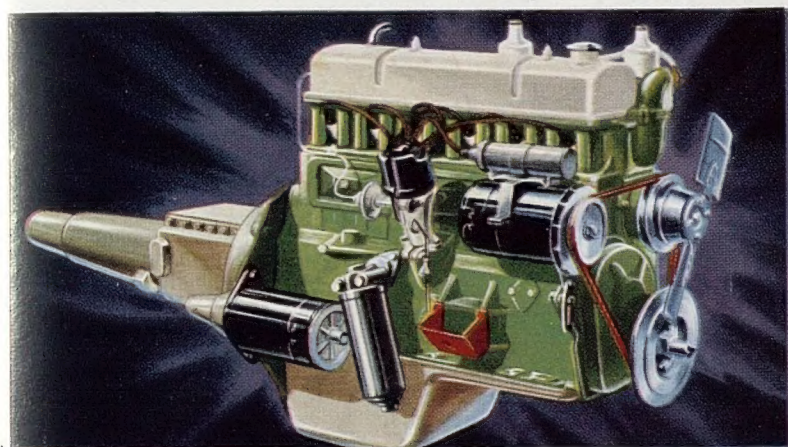


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THE COOL Highlands of Kenya tower 2,000 feet above the dry barren floor of the Great Rift Valley. Connecting the two, runs a long winding road built by Italian prisoners of war from Abyssinia. On the sun-lit plain below, the nomadic Masai still graze their herds as in centuries past. Although their principal diet is unchanged—cow's blood and milk—it is now supplemented by tea and sugar brought from the lonely little trading posts in the Great Rift Valley.

And to those trading posts, down that long winding road, past giant Candelabra trees and through thick forest where lurk scattered Mau Mau gangs, the little red Brooke Bond van takes regular supplies of fresh tea and coffee. It is playing its part in bringing civilization to a fast awakening Continent.

Brooke Bond has its own fleet of Sales Vans, covering

most of East, Central and South Africa, supplying factory-fresh stocks of Brooke Bond tea and coffee to dealers of all races and colours.

In Africa, as in Britain, and indeed wherever tea is drunk, they know that Brooke Bond stands for good tea—and fresh tea! That is why the little red vans are always so busy at home and abroad.

* * *

More and more people are enjoying Brooke Bond -- good tea and fresh.

Over 100 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day throughout the world.

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens -- more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world -- with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

Brooke Bond



good tea - and **FRESH!**

We specially recommend

